

LOVE and WAR

A
TRAGEDY.

Written by Tho. Meriton, Gent.

Demosthen. ex Orat.

Bellum gloriosum, pace turpi optabilior est.



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Drammatis Personæ.

A Berden, King of *Bruzantia*.
 Hollarro, the young Prince, his Son.
 Bellerrio, A Duke his Nephew.

Murgorus,
Nercius, } two Courtiers.

Ternomy,
Fasfrisius, } Lords, subjects to King
Buzarain, } *Aberden*.

Neuermo,
Quermero, a humorous fellow.

Perpurgerus, his Companion.

Celerinus, King of *Numenia*.

Burgargo, a Generall.

Orestes,
Sisterus, } two Lords.

Derisius,
Geruoron, } two Captains.

Burnomoy, a valiant Souldier.

Adrenimia, Queen to *Aberden*.

Lerenica, a Lady of honour.

Histerica, her woman.

Bardes to sing the Chorus,

Souldiers.

Attendants.

Aglais,
Thalia,
Euphrosyne, } the Graces.

Scene. *Bruzantia*.

To the truly Noble, Ingenious, Judicious
Gent, And my most esteemed Brother,
M^r. George Meriton.

S I R,



OU cannot favour the Book so much, as wonder at my presumption; nor I could not have had the boldness, as to present it, but that the symphaticall nature berwixt us did draw my Genius, as by a North-Pole virtue, to make you the Patron of these my indeavours; I wish the Praises were like *Tearus* streams, and relish so in the Appetite, as to invite your serious eye to make pursuit through it, gaining your favour so farre (which is my sole Ambition) to rest under the wings of your Piety and Learning, which having obtain'd, it may sayl merrily through the World, fearing neither Rock nor Quick-sand; for they are like *Caster* and *Pollux*, to scour the carping Criticks from it in their censorious manner of guiding and directing: Now my intreaties (mixt with a little hope) have made their Petition, which if they return with fertility, it shall ever binde me to your virtues, in the chains of Amity with a Phrygian knot, which to loose is impossibility in my heart; thus fearing no tempestuous scorns, nor full mouth *Borea's* blasts of reprehension, because you are the Pilot, steering the Rudder of its weaknesse from all such dangerous shelves, and wishing eternal honour to your virtues, is the hearty desire of,

Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother, and
humble Servant.

Tho. Meriton.

The Prologue.

IF once is shewn the glimering Star, whereby
Pluto is daunted, and great Iove knowes why:
When by its circulation, driven course,
At last by passage, lights upon by force
Some watrish cloud, which by its structure foal,
Is obscur'd from mens mortall eyes, they houl
To see the radially beams so quickly gone,
As if all vanish, reliques thereof none:
Just in resemblance, so shall I produce
My future breathing, till some me conduce,
To see your sparkling, splendent, orient eyes,
Shining like Luna, Sol, Stars in the skies,
Viewing my Pigmie, if perchance there be
Pleasant looks in the Royall company
Of your bright Train, more Angel-like then she,
Apelles drew by art, yet could not be
So well as nature wrought her; that same look
Would purchase more, then I can with my Book,
For it wold raise Ambition, and bereave
My fancy of its reason, to perceive
Nothing but a Chimera, and thereby
Term my selfe new again if possibly;
But if in opposition, it appear
Just to the contrary, no looking chear,
Nor smiling carriage, but then takes their place,
Frowns, discommending, and absurd disgrace,
Then I much like a Prisoner at the Bar,
Shall be dejected, flying hence and far
Do purpose to remain, as long as sense
I have to weep for this my insolence.
If story produce no laughter, nor the Wit
Laugh at my folly in so doing it.



LOVE and WAR, A TRAGEDY.

Act 1. Scen. 1.

*Aberden, Ternomy, Fafrifus, Buzardine, Nevermo,
Drum, Trumpet, a Florish, Souldiers.*

Aber.



Receiv'd with gladness still my Lords you are,
Gladly receiv'd, I say, we'll suffer all
Our hands to be now numb'd with sense, I'll
fall
Our deadly swords, nothing in opposition

Stands, we hear, but the whole Universe
Endures in a paralectick posture, vast
Worlds did *Julius Caesar* conquer, yet ne're
Was able to withdraw our minds, but force
To fly our summons; we'll range the steepy
Bancks, those which with rudeness hide
Titan his rais, seek some *terra incognita*,
Where men are absent, beasts may fill
Our Warlike, yet not willful, intentions
Let us find it out, that by the prospect
We'll gain the Victory, and surround the foe,
Drench their hot hearts, as we all else, you know
None dare appear: but *Numenia* land

Love and War.

Is said to have a will, bent to withstand
Your Majesty (dread Sovereign) Army : for
To know the right of Kingdoms, we abhor.
Faf. The same, great *Aberden*, I will confirm, that
They did help with unknown, potent strength,
The last great Camp we rais'd : shewing to them
Benigne favours, so they took them for their friends,
Not foes : which caus'd detard in winning the
Rich Trophies, that you overcame at length.

Aber. What, ? sure it cannot be ; but if perchance
That they do act a matter so disliking
Me and mine, they shall not further trouble
Their dull braines to make a search in pursuit
After it ; but I will so imploy their
Grasping hands, to set all labour by, but what
Concerns the martiall Banner, and bring it
Home to them ; War, which treads dame Nature's
Courses, trampling under feet, her set
Delivered forms, shall disclose, inclose to
This Realm, strange unheard of. *Numenix*,
With the rest of former Victories, shall
Know my tribute ; and I'll quickly see
Wherein they my great force do disobay,
Find them as farre as stars doth light the way.

Buz. Then let us make a rule, and raise a Camp,
Fall on them undiscreatly, and berdane
Their Forces of a time, in which they
Premeditating, may find Ammunition
To dissolve our Troops, and to disgorge
The obdure faculty of their sense,
Defraud them in the time, and send them all
To the native Earth, the Mother which they call,
And fitly may be term'd so, and boyling
Blood into the air, by the meteorous form
Of it, a strange essence make, a full
Similitude betwixt, we foresee they
Purpose for to lead on ; but let us goe

Aber. Pray know for what, and why you do so,

Nev. The thing is known, *Aberden* ; yea, it is,
Great Sovereign.

Aber. See that the thing be so,

And

Love and War.

And bear, within its selfe, the full prologue
Whereby it purposes to maintain its selfe;
For too rash Counsell often breeds within
A subject height, which may be call'd a sin,
And that in prodigality, then done
Beside its shifts, it can no other shun,
But come to ruine.

Yer. I, it is so, but this is not so bene,
Because, great King, we have Your Counsel in.

Aber. But for I know, rash counsel doth maintain.

Faf. Fear not that thought, for it will prove most vaine;

Aber. If it be so, yet danger may be with

Buz. It cannot be, it is a thing of thith.

Aber. Your censure so the subject for to be.

Nev. Yea, that we do, that to eternity.

Yer. So, shall we move with freeness, till we come
To that same object, which we in delay,
Do stand most fearfull of, hoyft fails

To it, search the triangular shapes
Within its Region, where all the Pole doth count
Full fifty Degrees it doth with height surmount,

Yet comes not near the torrid Zone, whereby

Our skins are scorched, and our flesh doth fry;

We'l know the nature of *Nument's* Land,

In what longitude, or latitude doth stand.

Aber. We'l know my Son his resolution to

This great design, this overtaking of

(I hope it will not be so as I call or prove

In it) our strange unseeming enterprise,

In following that my subjects do devise.

Exeunt.

Sen. 2.

Hollarro alone.

Hol. Stentorian voyces doth surround my ear,
Echoing within the concave of the terrestiall
Ball, all dolefull sighs doth pierce my tender
Sense, of hearing; from those our boyls
Formerly obtained, and deeply groaning,
Bidding farewell to Neighbours and their friends,
With clamorous noyses of loath departing,

Love and War

And still *Bizantia* stands, who feeds the blood
Of free born souls, who wisheth nothing but
Th' element they move on; Oh spirits
Generous, who nothing else desire to be
Sepulchers for their falling lumps;
What, is it thought a vapour impure,
Of restless waters, can withdraw the fight
Of quick-fight fury, or the bellowing waves,
Stopt danger courses so, which gravell not
Below, but fly above, the sense perceiving,
And shall we thus decrepit rest at length
Which will accompanied be with flegmatick
And choleric humours, for to be drawn
Out by artificiall manner, skill, and art,
As verity doth us shew, whose Turrets
In a Tapers manner gives light to all
Our Hospitality, and yet we are almost
Stupid, lull'd with idleness, nothing but
Slumbring dreams doth take abode and seize
Upon our faculties: rowse, rowse, your leaden sense;
Display your Arms, cleanse rusty swords again,
Look out your Helms, Coats, bring home againe
Your lost deceiving follies, search them out,
And let not rust and canker turne their edge from
Shedding blood; let not the hymns of musick
Dull your ears, let Drums and Trumpets sound
Still your intentions, untill there be found
No vile lascivious fact with wanton ones,
Which brings dull hearts, and lingeringness in bones,
Hollarro's part doth differ far from it:
They'l know as much, if they then defraud not
Their much infeebled hands, for th' star where I,
And under which my native time did come,
Did impregnate here in stout acts to be
As valour, rage, choller, blood, temper, free.

Adrenimia with Auendans.

Adre. Hollarro Prince, my son and onely Joy,
The matter still stands in a doubtfull way
To whom it bend, your judgement Prince, I pray,
Decides the cause, *Aberdells* sickle will

Runs

Runs hazard, yet on tip-toe, whether the heads
Be mine or no.

Holl. Great Queen, you know,
I nere led my mind in opposition
To the same decree; let not depositions
Humours so vail your discretion for
Aberden the King, cannot deny,
I'll undertake with temperance so far,
Without a self-disaster, to bring on
The purpose to a head, if you'll detard
Procrastinate the thing which you have heard,
But to the same effect the cause to me's
Unknown.

Adr. Why, it is this, if pardon lead
The will of him, the subjects heads, who captives
Are, by legions of his forces might,
'Tis the elixir of my diligence,
May be a sacrifice to me, I in my hand
May have command of them, disposing with
At pleasures will, none challenge dare the same,
It is no crime, since reason doth not blame.
If it doth violate the hand, the Laws,
It's soon amended where is known the cause,
Let nothing interpose the same, but try,
And gain my favour, least it come dearly.

Holl. And were it not sufficient to have all their
Bodies for your servitude, but in a fine
Beaving of their troubled lives, and to
Send them to some unknown coast, where all
New found discovered creatures and their souls
Doth sleep, while you enjoy onely vain
Pattern of a hairy scalp; sure reason
Should discover more then it, to please a
Fancy so with noysom shapes.

Adre. Hold you there,
The King, though private carried in't,
Devines as much, nay more; for surely it
By the discerning Jove was long foretold;
So waver not in will more this or that,
But bring the same.

Holl. Great Queen, your counsell is

A severe guide. If you had seen and sky
Were twist together by a prodigie,
And all the foes with branded Lances meet,
Making such airy sounds with sword, helmet,
That to the clouds doth raise a clamour so
By wounded souls which is deep fetcht most low,
And all the sky with comets range each course,
I would not fail, no not by all their force,
But bring a sure certificate.

Belerrio, Murgorus, Nercius.

Bel. My Uncles Palace is a perfect shop
Of living pictures, which are set in
No forms else but Ladies models.
The Palace is the Judges, Ladies Diamonds,
So it's a store, each Madam is an Angel.

Murg. I, counterfeit

Bel. Unheard of found, who can dissolve it so,
They that do enlighten dull nature's eyes

Ner. Why, can it be so term'd? *Capit is blind;*
And it should follow his strange fancies

Bel. Yet opposition rise, though fortune deem
The splendour of its rayes, therefore to seem
In much lesse; oh that it could be said

She turned was to moory shape, though she
It may not forth her worth so bright,

For in her breast carries concealed fire,
Which makes her fumes still by the flame aspire;

All else were rightly coloured, but if she
Give elimation, they turn quickly be

To Aurora's blushes, none dare take its place
What decent is, unlesse she first imbrace

Their rosey colour, but dejected are,
Her crimson lips doth so exceed them far.

Mur. Do then explain her, sure she may be known,
No fire there is, but by its heat is shown.

Bel. Her splendent parts doth transcend clearness,
That by its supernatures work, it dazels all

Bright shining shadows; she is transparent,

Love and VVay.

No muddy form is placed in her, but she
Is the elixir of Virginitie.

Ner. Divulge her then, the sure cannot be leare,
You count her so beyond the crytall clear.

Bel. No quick-sight apprehension can discern
The mould from whence she is took; nor delicacy
By all her pencil art demonstrate her;

Diana still grows shapelesse by comparifon,

Yea all the Goddesses are immitat by her;

None dare appear, nor in place come nigh her.

Mur. Oh sure she is invisible to be
Nam'd in our presence, that know her may we.

Bel. In her you may discern Loves onely face,

All Nymphs their parts, and that with comely grace,

A front dependent, eye much like a floe,

Her lip a cherry, in her chin a bow;

Her breast like a lablaster crimson rose,

Her waste like slender Pine discovered shew,

Her hair the tresses, on her neck like milk,

Display their pastimes like a twisted silk,

Or threds of gold.

Mur. Still some passage lights in thy design,
Name her, that this discourse may be at fine.

Bel. What, stupid still, posselt with ignorance,

Not know her by these tokens I advance?

I spare no passage now to spend my breath,

To name the quintessence of all the earth,

Lerenica she disposeth of

My fickle will, and fancy at one both.

Ner. What she? how backward runs the course?

The time hath been when opportunities

Hath sought occasion in their properties,

By casting favours by her mull-red eye,

Deluding objects to sobriety.

To get the will of him, who intended

The Zenith of love where under it did

Rest, should be prolonged further, casting

Aside those indispos'd fight and tricks,

As vain, and whom doth none regard.

Bel. The Styx, her mists doth paraphrase your words,

¶ Wherein grim *Cerberus* doth bathe himselfe;

Love and War.

Let the same vapour rise, and by its fteech,
Infuse an opiate virtue, there to dull
My vitall spirits, to cut the hair
Of danger's purpose, and whereby I shall
Receive a quiet death, for a vexed life.

Ner. Fear not,
A gilded bait shall intrap this Barbell,
VVe'l find her stratagems, devise a way
The silly blind boy knows not, the which shall
Imploy affairs deserving worth a name
Of Chronolgoy, a cheat, or somewhat
May worke effect with this lame peevish brat.

Bel. Let hope go with that design to the end,
Methinks my top-lays move with celerity,
I gain acuteness and agilitie;
VVho ever did take arrogance in strength,
Or sound brave Nectars notes with Bacchus joyce,
More freely then do I, must be more then
Mother Nature doth put forth, sweep away
Inclose within thy arms; on Cymbia,
Thy master Titan's Candle, let not him
Praunce on his journey to the top of th hills,
But curb his fiery trigon, suffer not
No more his sight till we have done our plot.
Mur. Though friendship promise more then strangeness doth,
Deride not one, but do receive them both,
I'll bring whole fountaines of new-found desires,
VVhich shall suck up the hony of your fires,
And flames of love: we go.

Exeunt.

Scene 4.

Celerinus, Bugargo, Orestes, Siferus, Dirichus,
Gervoron, Burniamoy.

Cel. Since time, tradition, forces against will
And all the Countries invitations
Me to withstand Aberdens ardency
Of choller, which at length consumes all what
It meets with, whose vast supportment world
Not subsist, but be demolish'd, and top
Submissive to its feet; know I set rest,

Sloth

Love and war.

Sloth would enter courts, nor Fame not be
Ejected, your valour still would signe,
And, *Bugargo*, if you maintain our rights,
Supporting all our cause, and not detarding
Shame, but *Derisius*, *Gervoron*, both
Take part with him, you shall have recompence,
I stand oblig'd all due to common sense.

Burg. Courage strikes my resolute contentment
High (*Celerinus*) immense vast Trophies,
A Diadem, be purged from my thoughts;
If all the prizes then were equall poysed,
And shar'd the lot, deciding judgement would,
As me posselt, term trouble: for a Peasant
Without delay transported to a Prince,
VVere a too great Hyperboly, I'll undertake.

Cele. All grateful motions attend then your soul,
You are the head, we members wait there on;
And what composure may be thought upon
By loving deeds, all experientiall skill
May be put forth, or sacrifice thy will.
Stand firm to it, inform us then no more,
Affection lead, thou shalt have gold or ore,
I wave my selfe, though speciall charge commands,
Either gain Kingdom, or else lose your Lands;
VVhat spoils can blind, or mask our piercing glance?
VVhat keen struck sword, black armour or the lance,
VVhose sight corrupts the Element, which pure
Contain'd in its selfe the cold moist air,
Put forth betwixt my eye, all my desire
To know the day it's that thou dost require.

Deris. VVhat is it thought that King *Aberden* will
Hoyst sayles to us, dreads he, nor land, nor foyle,
Which lends a death, a murror, and a broyl
To their inhabitants, they'l nere wait,
Pitching a leagure to o'recome the wall
They are bent against, which shares with *Nile*,
The Alpes would fair imprint a backward call,
If once their eyes cast upwards be.

Bugargo, doe command my legion, when
Fear smites thy arm, fire Beacons, and let

Love and War.

Drums sound loud.

Ger. Let *Bizantia's* Monarch pursue the way,
He has at length begun; for *Morpheus*
Doth bear more frequent rule with leaden Mace;
Then *Mars* with valour carried in his face,
Heres no determed team, by whose opp^{se}
May vent hot sparks of manhood from our
Loyns; for as quick fight with well wrought tempers
Gives a gloss to affect the matter; so
Oft experience by assiduate practice,
Makes that which is uncord then most prompt.
Though love is strong, yet *Cupid* by might
Combines with *Mars* a steely shirt though hard;
Yet oftentimes is safer then a linnen frock;
My blood doth bubble, when is brought before
Idle disposed fashions, martiall blades;
Seeking, lost nothing, all armour proof, yet
Uselesse are, which would possesse with a
Fear, they stand in danger of each other;
Nor can the same be wrought but great,
They raise a Camp postreeme with us, when as
The East and West doth seem a distance, not
A foot in length, being sadowed by their might.
Since then so large our enemies be found,
Our glory still grows greater by their sound,
What answer you?

Orest. 'Tis right, renowned friend,
In prime to carefull be of our Soveraign
In maintaining right, next to this City
And thy Country good, if truth thou binds in
That same Gordian knot.

Sist. Then bold fac'd Champions, levated from the blood
Of well tryed Princes, you may discern the
Blast, if by prevention not made sure,
Cause ruine o're this Land, if sunn and ste:l
Being met, expell their fiery beams;
Well may your generous souls inflaming
With valour, betwixt rough danger and
Mild sloth, let fly over steepy hill, under you
Are conducted to th' contrary by grim death.

Love and War.

Bar. Since cause is equall, victory cannot be
Debar'd from us, and no wayes misery
Take here abode.

Cele. Lets then beguile the time no more by talk,
But see your guard and front be sure,
Call o're in summons, display your Colours,
Flags, Banners, Pendants, Streamers, see your men
Be right for th'cause, great Generall Bugardo.
When that is done, I'll cause my sacred Priests
To move the gods, and all their hymnes set forth
For your welfare, all what can thought be worth.

Exeunt.

Scen. 5.

Quermero, Perpurgerus.

Perp. Why so, since time delivers other wise to be.
Stretch forth thy arm, it's nought but exercise
Brings on the same.

Quer. Oh hold then pray you there;
I'll stretch my hand, if fortune will give leave.
But shall not be to kill, but to maintain
Life by its help.

Per. How strange to common sense!
Draw out thy sword I'll shew thy postures;
What if a man should challenge field with thee?

Quer. Then I should dye.

Per. Before the blow did come?

Quer. I quickly sure, the fight's as good as blows
With me; but since your Treaty is to draw,
I stand hear guardian of my selfe.

[*He stands in a
foolish posture.*]

Per. See, see,

If't were possible, he would invite *Heraclitus*
To laugh: I dare swear *Plato* might read
A piece of Philosophy in his posture;
Stand up man with a full breast, surely
Mr. *Quermero*, your breech and feet are
At difference——

[*Quer. nods
his head.*]

Per. Hold up your hand, and stiddy; how like you
It——What, no answer, but by conjecture
Postures; he shakes his head, 'tis well, hold up

Love and War.

I say--hold in I say this breech, oh
Pretty face; but if you'll make no answer,
It is my means shall force you;
What none---what none---what none.

[*Quer. makes
a face.*

[*Per. beats him, and
he runs away and
lays down his
Sword.*

Quer. Gently good cousin, my bum is addle,
Have care you break no Eggs; for if you do,
The sent perfumes the room, beside all
Myrrh or Spiknard.

Per. Why answer you not?

Quer. Let pittie force compassion, 'tis
My weak stomach and foolish condition,
The nakedness of sword lends such terrour
To my heart, reflects amazement to my
Eyes, that while supported by my hand, no
Word can utter the cause I it dismiss.

Per. Oh senseless pagan, take't up again;
What, affraid, here take it, try thy valour,
Shake thy weapon, now I'll draw mine.

[*He takes
his sword.*

Quer. Then I'll

Put up.

Per. Hold, stay thy hand, and let us two inclose.

Quer. I wish *Aberden* had no greater foes.

[*They clatter
their swords*

Per. Hey bravely done, this is all, well man'd.

Quer. Hey-day, methinks I am a second *George* for
England, have at you then.

Per. Stand further off.

Quer. Stand further off.

Per. Have care ---

Q. Stand further off.

Per. You'll run in danger, hazzard the little life
You have, put up, put up.

Q. Stand further off.

(*He cuts him.*)

Per. What now, draw blood, brave *Champion*,
My joyes still grow the greater, wind whistle
Forth thy fame, like sturdy *Oak* thou stand;
All other are but shrubs, my blood cries blood
Again, stand *Guardian* still.

Quer. Stand further off.

(*He hollowes.*)

Per. Your dexterous art works opposition to
My term'd design, none can then curb your will,

But

Love and War.

But what must spring from *Bizania*;

Quer. What, kicks thou? stand further off.

Per. The pumel of my sword is lost, thou art like
A Crocodile, pursuing flies, flies pursuing
Your hardy courage, rises more and more,
I hope to see the Land all in a gore;
My spleen now riseth, works in the concave,
A desperate motion, nothing shall thee save.

Quer. I fear neither friend nor foe, stand further off.

Per. I purpose now to put in motion some,
Beyond capacity, strange unheard act;
So then thou goes. (*He trips his heels up*)

Quer. Oh, oh; What, my back broken by a fall, [*Murther,*
But stir not till he is gone, make much, *murther.*
Foster what I have got, perchance the fact
Is such, that quickly will not go.

Per. Lie still,
When sense bereaves thee of thy will, conjeal'd
By a known accident, inforc'd by that
Works invifible, a coard yet staies
His friend, favouring by courfe what licence
Give it's aid, I fetch attendants to wait
On thee.

Exit Perpur.

Quer. Attend thy felfe, fee that thou doft;
Is he gone? Sword, where art thou? Hay, hay,
What, as lively as thy Master is, oh

[*He rises by
degrees.*

How the flesh corrupts thy edge; stay, is
Perpurgerus gone? I'l lye close still, may

Be he stands perdue, but gone or no, I'l
Up, and see my wound; hay boyes, none, none,
none.

[*He leaps.*

Oh stay here; what's this? oh deadly thrust,
Fetch a Chyrurgion, I cannot go

[*He finds a
bola in his
Stocking.*

But must because am forc't; Oh, oh, oh, oh. [*He hales from off the
Stage: Exit.*

Scen. 6.

Hollarra.

Hol. A Conquest lost for want of obedience;
That superstitious terrour, which with

Love and war.

Force concatenates the wills of naturall
Bears, and hangs its Flag, a sign of true
Discretion, as making votes, sole
Recreation in nought but prayer,
And offering sacrifice, still stands in
Behoving power, imploring the aid of
Sublime Gods or Deities; a decree,
Not challeng'd by a right, then let us land
Them according to their deserts, we shall receiv:
Pledges of felicity, and cancell out
Our black transgressions; thus should it, none
In exchange betwixt them and us, for what
Ascends when we descend, three-fold descends
Again when we ascend, this same it will,
By graduation, form a ladder passing
From the celestiall quier to the terrestiall ball:
And now nere want pleaded more her
Cause than at this present; my care shall
Be to see it fulfill'd, yet my Mother Queen
Stayes out her time, my duty shall wait
Leasure of her coming.

Adrenimia, sola.

Adr. Well, Prince *Hollarrs*, I see you are not perverse
You wait my leasure, I'll recompence,
My ears hang at your tongue by a sympathicall
Attention, striving with priority, who to
Super-excede; the tenor by your voyce will give
The Victory, what answer King *Aberden*?

Hol. Most mighty Queen, my intreats did play
Their course as Fortune thought it fit,
Bent with a resolution not to return with
Fruitlesse answers, until thought possist
My tender judgement, they had gained
Anger from King *Aberden*; yet like a
Valorous Champion stood his ground, not
Flying at the first, but reply over the
Same again; but when the fury ended, mildnesse
Did deliver, he would conceal.

Adr. What, not the least, the least request could be;

Why,

Love and War.

Why, when the swift long-winged falcon plays
Her game, her recompence shall be the head:
What so e're her prey be, he would conceal,
If King would favour me, with majesty
Of his great presence I'ld know the reason why.

Hol. Great Princess, I'll see.

Exit. Hol.

Adr. So go thy way.

*Aberden, Hollarre, Yernoway, Fafrist, Ba-
zaraine, and Nevermo.*

Aber. *Adrenimia*, you sent for me, I know the cause,
Griefe still doth poysen the libra of my will,
By a just weight, the beam is leavel, but to
Whom give down (It's yet reserving power)
Is unknown, you plead for it, ten thousand
Plea's against; you are my Queen, all
Other are my subjects; you save my name,
The other save my life: to whom should I
Give down? pray Lords aid you me in't;
She pleads for head of those that captive be,
The request is small, though much denied by me;
Are you content? then I shall not withstand;
Do you deny? then I will leave the Land.

Hol. Your Majesty *Astrea* yet much courts,
She with her grasped hand, and severe looks,
With scale and sword makes in your mind her
Sphere, yet will it enter into the hearts
Of your subjects, and deem the clemency of a King,
Grant it the Queen, great Sovereign.

Yer. The Prince answers for all.

Abe. Are you so all agreed?

Yer.

Faf.

Buz.

Ne.

} We are all, brave King.

Hol. The game is up.

Aber. My Queen, the only will of him, who ever was
Thy sole refuge, doth game with fervency,
The subjects heads that taken are by us;
They are thy ranfome, take you them when you please;

Love and War.

My Ships have gain'd upon the angry Seas,
Dancing levalto, my courage not refuse,
To do the same, thy pleasure wills to chuse;
Therefore, brave Princess, this thy self-design
Shall be a virtue, not in least a crime;
So take it freely, take it as a blis,
Before my subjects, confirm it with a kisse.

[*He kisseth
the Queen.*

Omnes. Continuance long we wish.

Adre. My King, my Monarch, what can I term thee lesse,
In granting thy poor Queen a happy blis?
I thank thy high and mighty power for it,
Thy subjects too, I'll frame a thing what's fit,
Or best becoming all the tedious sense,
Of your blest wills for this your kind presenc.

Exunt.

Scen. 7.

Chorus. 1. Song

1. *Shout aloud,
Let a cloud
Distill rain
To the plain,*

1. *While with mirth
We on earth,
Mercy, Peace,
Each imbrace:*

*Let him want mercy, peace, and voyce,
That cannot play when we rejoyce.*

2. *It combines
And inclines
Man and beast
To a feast.*

2. *And Jove sounds
To their rounds,
Making sport
To their sports.*

*Let him want mercy, peace, and voyce,
That cannot play when we rejoyce.*

3. *Mars put down
To a room
Lower then
Worst of men.*

3. *For't to be
There is he
With relief,
Pining grieve.*

*Let him want mercy, peace, and voyce,
That cannot play when we rejoyce.*

Love and War

4. It's a time
Bowls of wine
Follow game
The self same,

4. Go about
Till they come
Fancies of
Those that quaff;

Let him want mercy, peace, and voyce,
That cannot play when we rejoyce.

5. Within this
All's a blis,
Not a sin
Is wishin,

5. But all joy
Nought is dist
The least mite
Of our right;

Let him want mercy, peace, and voyce,
That cannot play when we rejoyce.

6. Ceres with
Her green sheaf
In the morn
Brings in Corn,

6. As the sky
All doth die,
Lands and streams
With light beams;

Let him want mercy, peace, and voyce,
That cannot play when we rejoyce.

Song 2.

1.

The time is all well-nigh spent,
Fury begins to rage,
All to War they are fully bent,
Nothing else will assuage.

2.

Now Joves past: must give way,
Both man and beast must fear,
Mars must both rule and bear the sway,
It whistles in my ear.

3.

Those that must even for to pass,
Their time in Taverling
Must look to keep a Fierce last,
Regard their Sovereign

4.

Ceres dismiss is wish that
She hath with labour her'n,

D

Turn-

Love and War.

*Turning her with fame in her lap,
Drums sound another tune,*

Exeunt

Act 2. Scen. 1.

Leremica, Histerica.

Ler. **D**isplay my tresses, see decent places
Become their shapes, withdraw the stragling
Hairs, reduce them to a set form.

Hist. 'Tis done.

Behold, delicious, sweet face't *Hymens* day,
And what your will is with acceptance pleas'd
To be, my purpose was to have took labour,
In conveying you to some chaste Nunnery,
Where all refreshment of a doleful day
Should be low sighs; but your mind is turn'd
You in its place receive a Palace bright,
Where Diadems come to a grasping hand,
Such riot by a fury is employ'd,
That reason would conclude (if sense guide not)
That walls and houses were all eeven ground,
And by it fumes sent by an airy help,
Draweth a curtain betwixt friends and foe,
And no other musick practis'd,
But clamours from both wide and shrill-sound throats,
As't were a ransome to a Victory.

The cause whereof *Bellerrio* counts you fair.

Lere. Had you by favour obtained the good will
Of Duke *Bellerrio*, and no outraging
Carriage by a mysterious form, metamorphos'd
The design, but expedition wrought with
Nature so, that in the passage of affection,
You by discretion wrought to the object,
Combined with a smile, following by track,
Or by tradition, to the wonted place,
All the Nuptial Rights that are wished for,
To present to the view a happy mom,
As Bridegrooms morrows, Sack-poffet, and beside,
A thing not to be named.

Love and War.

Hist. Oh! My blood is young.

Lere. It would have favour'd time, so as an hour

Rest, when waken all the joys being past,

And what did boyl by a lascivious lust,

Would cooled be by a dull appetite,

You may protest when tall *Ballerio*,

Did by his own known Counsell hide

Within my soul a treasure not corrupt.

In those consenting silent times he moved,

Was but a gliding beam to *Sol* his selfe,

Which by its fullnesse brings on this malady;

But now renouncing those bad infections,

Receives by means some vitall Spirits in,

To bid defiance to those false allurements.

Hist. It were too hard, you speak not like a Syren,

For beauty, shape, with modesty, if tyrants all with-

stand, are invitations to *Venus* Courts,

The efficacy therein by which they bear;

If were abrap'd, the Academy of Love were gone;

Nay if by nature possibly I could

Return'd a Man, if *Icic* temper seiz'd

Upon my limbs, and put to prospect as

One wanting soul, the like reward, also

Hopeful enterprize, would then regenerate,

As I have hear-said, *calor naturalis* in my veins;

Nay it *Midas* his wish, with *Jasons* golden fleece,

Put to redeem your same beaution's piece,

Yet all would prove too vain; for you are such,

And have like virtues, both in least and much;

I cannot so my selfe so full expresse,

As if a man I were I do confesse,

For then I should enlarge at every word,

And here for three, three hundred then afford.

Lere. Believe me, *Histerica* at this time doth pierce

My understanding a thought of great belief,

That he prefers you to a place so high,

To be the prologue to his enterprize;

But by his carriage he should be what wise,

(And if he be) he should have took more care,

Than to send such Orations as these.

Learning is not a bait fit for Womens stomachs;

Rather by intreaties, must persuade, and hold
Fostered Muse, than any. *Tullian phrase*, or
Homers lines, you are too high in your design,
And withall too tedious, away, away,
Be sure your words are not in office, like
Compelling swords, but turn their calling to
Rebouncing echoes; they are air, and so
They vanish, and doth not enter my soul;
And if by lot he chuses you again,
Tell him from me he is not wise.

Hist. Too hard
Nature to work upon, and by temper,
Was not first decreed to be a woman;
For women are soft, you carry an opposition;
For men to love, you stand against the cause;
But 'tis no master; now *Bellerio* comes,
He'll speak himself.

Scen. 2.

To them *Bellerio*.

Bel. My onely thoughts, thou art my Diamond that
I dayly wear, and when my eye is cast
Upon its splendor, its turn'd a mine of gold;
When cryстал beauty ushers in her train,
And Ruby colour fetcht from the Indian mine,
Doth aſt their quarrels in a lovely face,
Whose cheeks are Roses, brow a comely mace,
So *Paris* joy'd, when he fetch'd *Helen* home;
So *Ulyſſes* joy'd, to see his sweet hearts loom;
So *Hippomenes* joy'd, when he the Apples got;
So *Aeneas* joy'd, when ſaved, it was his lot;
So, and beyond all that, rejoyced he,
(Except your ſelfe) obtain'd by a decree, the faireſt of you;
Nay, theſe are nought, in thought but vain decits;
Mine is the ſubſtance, theſe are onely baits,
Not in the leaſt, derived from a names;
Mine's pure and perfect, their's is void of ſhame;
Nought can by artificiall art be brought unto,
More decent then pure *Lerenica's* hien;
'Tis you, 'tis you, your ſex I honour ſtill,

You

Love and War.

You above rest, in you my onely will
Hath free beatitude, content and life.
All things what else, that is then void of strife,
I will endure for to maintain the cause
Of your brave tex, and Champion in the Laws,
That concerns you and yours, who perfect is,
Sole happinesse, a thing beyond all blisse,
Let me imbrace your will.

Lere. Illustrious Duke, it were an injury
Inforced by me, and I should by liberrall
Freedom violate the means of your true amity,
Not concluding with a favourite, the
Purpose was my own decree, you did
Display their flames so in their ardency
Of generous contemplations, that
In circumference of its boundlesse hope,
No room was left for me to expresse
My selfe in equall ballance poyfed your worth,
But with a back-recalling sound of love,
Made a retreat not worthy of the famie,
And with cherishing thoughts that pleasure
Might be fill'd, and no disliking taste rise
From its stench, you for to term me
Most unworthy of such bright enterprises.

Bel. Alas your answer is indisposed now,
Do but resolve me how it would become
A Peasant to deny a Prince, a martial man's
Women fine smiling shews, surely I should
Condemn my self as guilty, one stupifi'd by art,
If that I should think so; come come,
Your words doth not diminish, but give aid
To my dull hopes of a brave Victory.

Hip. Madam if leave may have so much freedom, hear
This time, to help the case, give me a word,
A Dialogue is good, when there's three persons;
The Duke speaks fair, not sending his words
As if they dealt more cruell by fighs and
Sieges, more tempestuous than storming
Neptune's blast; Or as if he intended
Batteries against your beauties favour.
But with a comely grace, understood of.

Sweet-

Love and War.

Sweetnesse, and smiling passage ; withall, a
Brave decorum, it would pierce an Adamant,
Make restless motions, calme, serene and clear,
And in stern looks where fury hath before
Took potent place, 'twould quickly extinguisht all.
Lere. No want here is of foul conspiracy,
A problem sure, and that invisible too
Contain'd therein, no new found art can be
By stars or reason, or interpreter,
So quick-fighted in the way of these strange
Politick notes ; to lay it open, or
Divulge the same, it must be silence with
Perseverance thereof, who is the spouse
Of long-fought mysterie, reveal this same ;
How can it be that you should both joyn in
The same broad channel of deliverance ?
As if slit-looks should reason so the case,
To be nunciate betwixt their tongues,
Histerica keep silent in these hours,
Bellerio I'me not worthy to be yours.
Bel. What still perswaded so, you transform it,
And where you think conspiracy to be,
It is not so, but the Oracles means,
Delivered to our ears, the cause is right,
Come bring no criticall point, no posture of
Confusion to my maladies, be more mild,
You deserve all, I single you from th'rest,
Because an Angell, and a Virgin blest. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 3.

Celerinus, Orestes, Sisters, Burnomay.

Cele. It is decreed, the businesse pursues the cause.

Orest. My Leige, the post of quick known news
Did come, not knowing your Majesties
Privy Chamber, to my hands, he being
Accompanied with many conditions
Of King *Aberdens* will, and the fuel
That now maintains the quarrell betwixt us
And him, sent to your Highnesse presence ;
Did leave then to your best times consideration ;

Celer.

Love and War.

Celer. Are they now present?

Orest. They are, my Liege.

Celer. Read them, I'll attend.

Orest. *Aberdens Conditions of this waging War,*
sent from Bruzantia to Celerinns,
King of Numenia.

Since all the Regions
Under Northern Pole,
Stretch forth their
Distance as far as they can,
Doth do obedience, (not
One doth condole)
Unto the Country and
Bruzantia's man.
Send yearly tribute,
And their dayly vows
Unto their Gods to
Prosper our successe.
That by the clamour of
Their open mounthes,
We have a musick that
Beyond all blisse.
It is the purpose and
The onely care
Of great Aberden to
Have you do so ;
And that hereafter
You do not dispaire
To do the like, and to
His presence owe.
If you refuse, his ships
Are all rig'd for
The Ocean waves, and by
A prosperous gale ;
To sally out and come
Unto your shoar,
Before you think his
Ships be put to sale ;
Therefore consider, take

Love and War.

*A serious time,
Regard your cause, to
Whom it should then bend,
Do not then never, follow
Sreight a line
To have Aberdeen either
Foe or Friend :*

Sist. Put it up, its read, inclose the lines,
A bold design to such a powerfull name,
Cele. His usurping grace strives too too high,
Who swells with blood of lost innocent ones,
Which will by vacation prove a gall,
He cannot carry manhood for a praise
Of Warlike courage as the free-born soules
For country, good, and health, without more time,
My mind is fixt, no other fancy takes
My genius, but send a daring challenge
To his will.

Bur. It is right, dread Sovereign,
My never tyed yet hand shall bring with it
Vermillian hue, when 'se're return, and I,
As long as strength doth give its aid,
Withstand their bold attempt.

Orest. My mind by looks did so much answer him,
They were so fixt by fury in my brow.
I sight his threatning lines with spitting fume,
We can set envy up as well as he,
Upon a banner tost, and make him know
'Twas rash without a Councell chose,
Thus answers him, *Orestes.*

Sist. The Chaos was my Mother, so to Chaos
Will return, e're I be thought base in a
Pedigree, my mind stands to their will.

Celer. So,
Hector by way ne'r gain'd such fame, as we
By this dread undertaking ; but before
We force a Camp, I shall ingagement bring
Upon your soules, that you a solemn vow,
By this my signature of all *Numenia*,
To stand your colours, as long as flesh or

Love and War.

Bone, and blood by circulation, keeps dame
Nature in, and fight for him, (my selfe the
Meaning is) as breath hath intercal passage,
And then postreme, to kill who's e're you take;
See that you do confirm.

Omnes. Long live *Celerinus* King. [They bow and kiss the Signer
Celer. Well said, brave noble souls, nature on his hand.

But before we for leagure do provide,
We'l know our Generals will and Captains too,
So *Burnomoy* bring them then into presence, [Exit *Burn.*
And things right managed with a discreet will,
Brings good well hap, and very seldom ill;
For if the case be plain, and take no heed,
Oft ruin comes by that same bad misdeed.

Scen. 4.

To them, *Burnomoy*, *Burgargo*, *Derisius*,
Gervoran.

Burn. Your command, great Prince, is here fulfill'd.

Barg. Your businesse, stout Leige.

Celer. It runs by *Cypreans* fields, *Bruxantia's* plain,

By a spectatious light, and information,

A Paradise to shew whose in, beyond,

The *Tagus* fragments go, by Poets fam'd to be

Paved with a Pearl, her grace surrendring to

The Queen of beauties pride, *Chloris* with her

Decency, strikes admiration to th' insatiate

Soyls, to see themselves by Autum's clusters

So prest down, and cooling Rivers which with

Melodious tunes sing by the woody banks,

While they with as well pleasing noyce,

Whistle like *Orpheus* reed, *Titan* in

Aestivious times, when torrid heat hath power,

Dismisseth night, and gives day the full hour,

Of number twenty four; then *Burgargo*,

This Region (which I named) by scituation,

Transcends the metropolis of every Nation,

I stand defiance with a barbarous call,

I purpose to choosfe you my Generall.

Burg. When sense doth rave beyond its bounds, why then

There is no reason that we should be men;
 Let sense and reason scorn my onely state,
 When I deny to govern this by fate,
 Which hath been separated from the rest,
 By *Jove* his hand, and he to be the guest
 That it should entertain; this Ile that which
 Gives livelihood, and makes the inhabitants rich,
 My hope is fixt upon, and firmly too,
 That sacred Gods will aid and fortune shew,
 Because we stand in our defence, not lust
 To have a War; but this our cause is just,
 We stand for right, not what is got by pelfe
 For lives, for wives, who are our second selfe;
 'Tis pittie that this Nation should go down,
 And save your Majesty, none ought to wear the Crown,
 Except your selfe, who wisely with your hand,
 With voyce gives leave, with that their force with-stand,
 Let them display their colours, black visage, to
 unseemly sight, with plaited hair you know,
 Much like a *Horfes main*, which gives a light,
 They are savage creatures, speciall in the night,
 When skyes become their favour; let them come,
 I'll be your Generall till day of doome.

Cel. Your answer's good, they are both rash and rude
 In judgment, doing actions, and before
 Their nature be by valour curbed so,
 They'll ne're rest silent, but stratagems
 Inventing still, though with grief and amazing
 Flashes bring a float of destruction
 With whole waves of sorrow to their pedigree;
 My breast doth breathe not with a fair clear passage,
 Because corruption grows from nomination of
 Such hellish heathens; the *Nurmenia's* Land
 They strive to make their prey, and spoil of it;
 'Tis not the fear of their great potent arme,
 'Tis not *Aberden* with his hellish charm,
 'Tis not their Chariots with their Iron wheels,
 'Tis not their Ships with their well pitched keels,
 'Tis not the fierceness of their nature foul,
 'Tis not the savagenesse of their grim soul,
 'Tis not the words of their well threatened voyes,

Love and War. 521

'Tis not the froaks with which they make their noyse,
'Tis not the armour that they dayly wear,
'Tis not the colours wroughe with silver cleas,
'Tis not the conditions that they all sent,
'Tis not the words that they pleased to put in,
'Tis niether this, nor that, shall work so fast,
But I will fight their fury to the last.

Deris. Your answer's like your selfe, noble, and that
Most generous; I like a branch, you are
The root, if you perish I must not stand.

Geruo. Let fame want Trumpets for to blaze her self,
Let my poor soul want blood to raise her self,
When I deny to be as firm as you.

Cele. Then my Lord *Orestes*, see a Legate
Be prepared to send to King *Aberdona*,
You know the drift of th' cause, we will maintain
The War he promiseth to our Land, and
Burgargo with these two Captains, which are
Derisius and *Geruran*, and that valiant
Souldier *Burnomoy*, draw down your forces
To the port-Towns, cast trenches, ditches, that
If they gain the Land, they know not where to
Lead a squadern up, but stand amazed
at their rash striking shore.

Omnes. Heavens blesse *Nunucia's* King.

Cel. After you return, (as undoubtedly victorious)
Trophies shall be prepared of pure Gold,
Elixars essence, what doth Nature hold,
Be presents to your reward.

Exeunt.

Adrenimio, Hodarro, with Attendants.

Adre. My soul runs wandring from its way,
Not knows its guide, till fortune by favours
Whip, lash the occasion forward, that they
May joyn their Forces by Sea or Land.

My hands want blood, that (by its natural heat)
Receive a quickning sense, my fury playes
Upon the strings of the *Præcordium*,
Which causeth a palfie in my hand, that

Love and War.

Hold I cannot till some blood I have,
I could with ease digest the wrong that's done,
If I should cause one of *Aberdens* friends
To use my Altar, his head upon my spear,
In the air to be an atton of delight,
It is a thing disgorge with me most sure,
I feel a weakning cause rise in my bones
Which can be deemed nought else, but want of blood,
Prethee *Hollarro* what, must still vacation,
A rust corrupt your souls and weapon too,
Resolve my quere, sure you are not bent
To raise perplexity to a Queen her will,
Blood, blood, still I will call.

Holl. Great *Adrenimia*, the conditions which your King
Was pleased to make a War, expected answers
Are, when Post brings news, the tydings which you
Wait leasure on, unto my Fathers Court,
No sooner arrival shall take its abode,
But with a fiery look and watry eyes,
Bring to your Highnesse those same prodigies
Which lurk betwixt affection and defraud,
Your pleasure wills to crave that harsh design,
Like Ebian wood, whose colour cannot be
Changed to a whitish hue, no more can your
Intreaty turn its black melancholious
Humour to a white waterish flegmatick
Cause; my spirits raise ambition in my
Veins, that such who works against natures will,
Receives no free permission there to lay
Its store for that same matter which you crave;
But if a War go on with inmatchlesse forces,
My father's such a man (your Husband, *Aberden*)
Stands to a word, though mentioned long before,
To let those captive subjects, which by lot
Caught in the gins of our free-born like souls
Of Amazons, ne'r yeeld field to any,
Either foe or friend, to lesse or many.

Adr. What, is it so? what, is it so? still *Hollarro* stand against
That same cannary bird, what's e're it be,
Sings such a note with pains repining forth,
Such unagreeing discord, and unhandsome

Love and War.

Quavers, shall quickly have a Pip upon
His tongue, a slit or gash about his neck,
Make him sing sweeter changes then those same;
Hollarro take care, look not to untwist
Those arms of great *Aberden* and his Queen.
He granted me, you stand in opposition;
Talk more with silent counsell, then to th'face
Of a Queens power, condemn it a disgrace
That she takes pleasure in, it's blood that I
Crave of my King, untill the day I dye,
If none can have from forraign Countries then,
Constrain'd I must take then our innocent men,
Your part shall not scape free, if you do not
Go to the Wars, the next will be your lot;
Therefore blow up those fires that almost dye
In your stout Souldier, that perpetually
They may bring home great spoils unto the Queen,
As captives, bracelets, all what my youth hath seen :
See, see, you do, do so, dispatch the cause,
Or else in this Land I will bring new Lawes.

Hol. Your will's a Law, great Madam, to my force,
I shall not be him that withstands your losse;
The frigid Zone ne'r new the Icie way,
Or tract her course more plainer then doth I,
In your bright Horizon, the sphere of hope
Wherein my restless will doth make her Orb.
While *Titan* drives four prancing Horses,
That needs neither whip nor bridle; so move I
To please the tender affection of your
Princely grace; take not in least in heart
My bad attempt, which flies by the swift wings
of ignorance, guided by staffe of folly,
Ranging within the bowers of restless will,
Seeking the corners of vain bad designs,
Still let them fly for refuge to your grace,
Let them there take their most reserving place.

Adre. You are most hollow-hearted, while you see
No good there is in gaining, what your will
Hath minde to work its force, you then detard
Most fatigated in that, what your purpose was,

Love and War.

Desist your talk, I leave your presence.

Holl. I,

Stand submissive as becomes your Son,

And wait your royal Person.

Exeunt,

Scen. 6.

Aberden, Ternomoy, Fafrissus, Buzarain, No-

vermo.

Aber. The Legate is dismiss from them, 'tis well
Their answer riseth so high against our will,
Which hath bid stern *Mars* stand off, and the Brute
Of troy-novant his race, hath stood with his
Shoulders pending to the ground, by its
Massy and assured weight, blest in the
Periphery of a swallowing main, burst
Great *Numenius* wall, makes skies to echo
As you do at *Rome*, when Pope stand elevated,
Quell you their voyce by your secret harmony,
That will make *Hercules* for to wonder,
And *Leo* joyee to hear such single notes,
And Tygers repeat it as a loving Song,
That when the Inhabitants hear, struck with the
Amazement of a terrors will, terming it
Thunder; let *Auster*, *Boreas*, and the other two,
Of Cardinall points, your fame blow aloud,
In representation of (wrongs new redrest)
Not to be vail'd by curtain of a foe,
Or frightment, but fully resolved to be
Revenge of th' quarrell, and his Majesty.

Ter. Our glorious purpose, like the sparkling star,
Gives light in dark, when leaden Saturn stands
Nigh on his side, whose pale-fac'd ranyed state
Makes splendor rise of th' star above the rest,
When all the mists and watrish vapours of
The middle Region cannot withstand him;
But like a Diamond among pebble stones,
Cast brighter blaze above the rest, then them;
So we proceed, excell the others hope.

Faf. Liberty stands bound, when with the crafy
Whistle, or second sound of their advanced

Love and War.

Pimions, dives to the burroughs of a
Childish fear, we will afford upon their
Terrestiall plains, such unheard language,
That shall not by graduation, but at first
Seize on their clownish brains, and endue
Our native Land unto posterity,
With victorious praise.

Buz. Right, *Fasfrisius*,
The cælestiall Quiers runs counter for to
Gain us trophies by their help; for the Globe
Which was the Antipodes Land, is now ours
By fortunes onely guiding, by womens
Innocent looks, strives with her force and will
To have all good for us, and nothing ill.

Nev. Your speeches are fully poy'd, no venture done,
No good is had, we'l strike an oblick cross
Unto their Land, if't be for no cause else,
But for our Countries good, as for our King;
That all the Penates with divine sound,
Blesse all the Cities, Towns, and Castles of our Land,
With most tranquillous times, *Linnaides*
Spreads Fields with *Flora's* Vesprey, and that *Sol*
May have perpetuall motion in the Ram,
Though hot and chollerick, yet a handsome
Spring, which shall bestow on this the Title
Of a fruitfull soyl.

Abe. Your souls are generous
To the last——

Ter. And doth hope for to endure.

Abe. As long as blood doth warm the heart.

Fasf. We will
not flinch our ground.

Aber. Your valour's stout,
Much like a Trojan blade.

Buz. Or Irish Moor,
Who never step from him that gain'd
Ground.

Aber. Then you will fight?

Nev. VVe will my Leige.

Aber. Then let valour range her course, go for what
Ships are rig'd, and Gallies fit for sayl,

That

Love and War.

That in two hours space or lesse, we may
Bestride the Sea, with the whole Navy of
Our Army, ten thousand Ships well prepared,
To bear within concaves of their vast
Great bellies, both men and Ammunition,
Shot, under the conduct of *Hollaro Prince*,
Twelve thousand horse, and forty thousand foot,
Bearing the colours of a golden Ball
Set in a large black field, with cheverm of
Three Mullits ore; next him, yon *Yernomoy*,
Bring up a wing of thirty thousand foot,
Furnish'd with pike and sword, musket and bandalere
And all displayed, with Griffins rampant on
Their shield; so you *Fafrisius* follow next
With nine thousand horse, well saddled, bearing
A Rose upon their Armes, beset in Arg.
Buzaraine, with your Captains and the rest,
As *Nevermo*, stand you a distance from the rest,
VVith nine thousand both of foot and horse,
To aid these Lords, if that need require.
VVhat subject you take, bring home unto my Queen,
These are all your precepts.

Omnes. Heavens blefs *Aberden King*, and prosper
his success.

Exeunt.

Scen. 7.

Chorus, Song 1.

1.

Ateon was not wise,
Diana him espies,
And caused him to be by Dogs tore,
Because he did her see
Naked with modesty,
And grac'd him with two horns before.

2.

Hellen she was most fair,
Paris thought none compare
Unto her well shap'd soul and face,
She did at length destr

That

Love and VVar.

That famous City Troy,
And caus'd both famine and disgrace,

3.

Demonica that Queen,
VVno for lucre and gain
Fe.raid Ephesus with a wile
Vnto Brennus that man,
VVhich afterwards became
His sole distruction and exile.

4.

And Atalanta, she
Did chaste Peleus see,
Would not give way unto her will,
She falsely did accuse,
And basely did abuse
Him, to Acaius of ill.

Song 2.

You see by these four examples,
how women they do fail,
In any matter that mantles,
the good in ill prevail:
They seek with sweet sugard words,
And all things that pleasure affords,
for to destroy
their one'y joy,
b. they ar Knights or Lords:

Then sie upon this world, that such a thing should be.

Then let us leave those silly brats,
that do perdition bring,
And disconrse of more serious thar's
belonging Aberdeen:
He draws his stout Capt iins on,
And his potent Army long,
again st his foe,
wh.ich he doth know
to be of the same throng:

Then sie upon this world, that such a thing should be.

Act 3. Scen. 1.

*Celerinus, Burgargo, Orestes, Sisters, Derisius,
Gervoron, Burnomoy, Souldiers, Ensign,
Drums, Flagge.*

Cel. **T**Heir first arrival on *Numenia's* Land,
They purchased it by a Legion of
Their sacrificed lives. *Aberdens* men
Were new beginners in those stratagems,
Their Armour was no friend, but plai'd a foe,
To their well nigh and half sweltred bodies:
Our trenches work by wisdom, not by force,
While we like *Trojans* stood and maz'd their folly.
Come brave souls, lets meet them in the front.

Bur. Let them strike anchor in our barren forts,
While there no controversie riseth on ground,
For their determed wills to make a choyce,
Whether Sea or Land afford their execution;
Though *Ælus* confirm with *Neptunes*
Blustering noyse on the azure gliding Seas,
Which hoysteth to th'memory a panick fear;
Yet those shall stand in no similitude
To our own Land-contrivings: chear then up,
Your *Numenia* bloods, we'l put them to't
Great King *Celerinus*, will you please to lead,
Lets rally them before they gather head. [*They march and
goe out.*]

*Aberden, Hollarro, Ternomoy, Fafrisius, Buzarain,
Nevermo, Quermeyo, Perpurgerus, Ensigns,
Drums, a march, Souldiers.*

Aber. March, march, let swift and sure set feet strike off
Sloth her entreatie; the metamorphious forms
Of their strange Land, shall lend to none of our
Determi'd thoughts such a prodigious sense,
As make a quick flown fury rise; as
Choller in the veins created by burnt
Adust blood, but with a milder grace,
Send comfort to our hope with new supplies,
The soaring Eagle ne'r prided more

Love and War.

To play with air, or stand upon her wing,
In the defiance of the lesser birds,
Then I do in my potent Souldiers strength
Let them strike lance with dexterous art,
My care shall ever be imployed to gain
The field, her triumphs, by *Bruzantia's* hands;
Let's decard time no longer.

Hol. My Leige, your will,
Though putrid bodies by corrupted stench,
Breeds impure Atoms, infects pure air;
Yet those most innocent souls must not go
To the Elizium of eternall rest,
Without revenge do follow. [*They march and go out.*

*A great howling and hollowing, and the Battel
within, Aberdeen, &c. &c.*

Aber. What, still multiplies surround their courses?
They rise like Ants from muddy mole hills,
Surely want ne'r shew'd her face within the bounds;
Of this new prodigall Ile: men like the
Putrifaction of a loathsome forme, breed
Like the Atoms, the Sun his rayes, and
Ne'r diminish, though voyce with bloody notes
Send thousands to their far-sought homes,
They lye with arms spread open to receive
Their unnatural mothers, like Vipers to their dams;
Yet Terror strikes no sense to their benumbed wills,
But a carriage of presumptuous Law,
Of free dom, licence, of their free born right,
They like a Fury more than modest Grace,
Spend wind and limbs a sacrifice to us:
We fear nor courage, nor their valour; no,
Their fights are not the weapons of our lust
VVe have to fight; come, come, march on.

Holl. We will,
For ne'r shall that strange sound take place
VVithin receptacles of a hearing,
That *Bruzantia's* men lost ground; come march
VVith me, my Lords.

Tor. VVe follow your command. *Exeunt.*

Love and War.

Celerinus, &c.

Cele. The service was hot, yet fear not you,
Though ground doth thirst with her insatiate
Will, to drink up more congeal'd coagulated blood
Of our lost soules and Souldiers, receiving
A surfeit by its strange and faulty virtue,
We have enough to stand a field, and face.

Burg. Lets draw the scattered forces to a head,
Bring ranks in order, and each his Ensign place,
Not lose the day with folly in our hand.

Burg. My stomach n'er did faint with killing till
This day, my arm bids not desist, though
Reason would plead for it, my sword cries
Vengeance still, each blow it gave, brings rosey
Blood its hue, from those strange hags, *Brizantia's*
Men, sending their woefull cryes to the skies,
To frame a thunder.

Cele. Valour runs with thy great will, from hence
Lead thou the blew male-frocks to the field,
Thy manhood shews thy grace, thy fame this day
Won first its root, the next the branches. they
Thou wilt obtain, on which the Trophies hang
Of those lost men, of which they made a mang;
Let us see them once more, come follow me.

Exeunt.

Scen. 2.

Quemero enters with two Swords, and all in Armour.

Que. They force me to't; well surely, I shall be
Prepar'd for the cause, this sword shall curb
These will, and this maintain its right,
A *Cesar*, nay a *Cesar* ne'r was
So valiant as my two swords are, one cuts
The flesh, the other hews the bone, my helmet
Shews a force to kill a *Guy*, or *Hercules*,
My Armour binds my body to the same;
I wish a fortune would give more advice
To him that falls in hand, then run his life;
Suppose this Pillar were great *Beris* stout,

And

Love and War.

And I a *Hector*, as I am, stand to. *[He cuts the Pillar.]*
Oppose the feind, my first progress it should
Strike him under th' ear, the next take him here:
Oh, oh, have at the man, have at thee;
Nay this is nought, when Drums and Trumpets found
A fame unto my valour, I should be
More like a Generall then a common man.
I am sure as fancy pleaseth, now I could
Put ten to flight, if all were Trojans stout,
I should redresse my selfe with Tygars strength,
And make them fear my swords.

Burgar enters, and *Querm* throws away his
swords, and runs into a corner.

Bur. The pillage of the soyl is left for him,
Who bears the victory of these two land broyls;
At present doth an opportunity shew forth,
The way to steer thy course; forbear, I'll not
As long as heat infuse my livelihood,
To cast a backward look to those before
Lie gasping on the ground, I will exchange
My broken sword for two, which are like cliffs
For them to gaze at; and keep them under
The thralldom of a fear; but I'll pursue
The chase to find my prey.

[Exit Burgar, and Querm.]
runs and gets up the broken sword.

Quer. What, art thou gone? 'tis well
Thou scapedst so, he knew I was here,
Or if he had not, I would have made him fear
To take my swords, and leave a stump for me;
Oh I wish he were now present, for now
My chollar riseth, I would shew him such
A twisting combate, as know a friend from foe.
I am a Lion now, he's but a Lamb,
He tear him, tear him, tear him; what, a
Broken piece, he left unto my lot:
Come, come, again, and let me flesh my
Appetite, and kill thee for a name.

Perpergerus with a bloody sword.

Quer. Come, come, *Perpergerus*.

Love and War.

Per. What, stand you still? rouse leaden spirits from
Thy earthly soul.

Que. This broken sword hath caused the absence of
The bravest Hector: this sword and hand caus'd it;
I made him run, I run.

Per. Some childish boy.

Que. He was a Man, whose shoulders were like
Mountains; a foot, a Pasty peel would
Equall with its birth, his eyes strike dead the
Heartiest man that goes, all armour furnished,
Yet forc't to run.

Per. How did he bear the blows?

Qu. How did I bear the blows? like *Vulcans* anvil;
For as he struck, my rebounding sense
Answered him again; he stood like
Nicodemus, or a fool, while I stood
Breaking my sword upon his nose,
He snuff, and said nought else, but run.

Per. You are stout.

Quer. I ne'r knew my heart until this day,
Now I perceive the rigor of its will.

[*Hollarro enters with h's sword drawn and bloody.*

Hol. The *Hygian* lakes recoil, *Hero* and *Leander*
Maken cold, their loves are frozen to an Ice,

Proserpina doth rule with fiery look,

Pan now doth make a sword, a shepherds crook;

Diana chaste, begin to fly for fear,

Cynthia doth mask her face till the next year;

Endymion waken is by these loud cries,

Nymphs they do court their Garlands miseries;

Ceres doth lavish forth her full ripe ears,

Venus complains her selfe with watrish tears;

Juno is lumpish, and her love is gone,

Pallas turn'd foolish, and she wile hath none;

Mars rules full out with his most severe look,

Themis stands potent with her justice book,

Nemesis is troubled from the funded deep,

Morpheus is waken from his creeping sleep;

Apollo stands smiling at their folly so,

Love and War.

Jove bids me fight, and know my friend from foe.

Per. More aid shall come, I'll fetch them out my self. *Exit Per.*

Qu. Great Prince, my valour risse beyond its bounds,
All for your Fathers right.

Holl. Now let *Burgargo* come, my weapon's fixt
To play its part, pierce tender bowels with
Its three form'd point, and make his blood
Still wait upon his shooes.

Scen. 3.

Burgargo following the flight.

Bur. Stand still your ground, the day breaks from the
Skies, for to discern the foe, my hands are
over loaded by the spoils of this days labour,
While some lie gasping, others crying loud,
Here leggs, there arms, all bodies mortified,
My spirit thirsts to see the Prince *Hollarro*,
And to change Gloves with him, try valour as
The point of naked nimble swords.

Oh Goddesse blind, thou fortune hath infort'd,
To shew my progress of my lingering dayes
In this brave soul, so stand prepare to fight.

Hol. Your worthy carriage shews as much, nay more
After the encounter of our steely blades,
Let after victory either rise or fall
And let *Astrea* poysse the trust cause
By this the combat of our martial will,
So General come on; stand, see your selfe.

Bur. Your valour's to be prais'd he that dare
Twist his hand with me, must have a grace
More then such young years can put forth;
I praise thy courage, but not thy discretion,
Because thou runs upon thy death.

[*They fight, and he
wounds Hollarro.*

Hol. Desist your purpose, till I close my wound,
The blood speaks on my cause, a fury leads
My temper now, stand still and pause, and then
I will renew the second blow.

Bur. Vain purpose of your will, to strive with him
Who alwayes return'd with victory in his hands,

Love and War.

You cherish folly in a strange conceit,
strive with a weaker hand for to oppose
A decreed sense which is much stronger;
Yet shall it not be utter'd with a voyce
I kill'd thee unawares, but take thy time.

Hill. Rest upon your blade, ground its point,
The time runs in swift motion to one
Of our ends, the Elizium field doth open
Large her panting soul, for to disgorge
The vicious humour of our Fabricke,
Within that space, the which we shall possesse,
Rewards stand ushering in our power,
To have the Crown allotted by those Saints;
Come lend your force again, I now prepare
For to receive my death by your unnaturall
Hand.

Bur. Fortune support then both our hands,
Valour with-drawes unskillful helps,
And shews a fair prospect to a soul design. [*They fight, and he
gives Burgargo a deadly wound.*]

Burg. Hold, hold, I dye, take you the day,
And Crown your self with Trophies of my blood,
Your riper years' sprung in a blossome stout,
Shall be Encomium to *Bruzanilla*;
My spirit it doth vanish, as my blood
Flowes from the veins, sending by legat cause
All praise to your most severe stoutest arm.

* Oh, my breath is prov'd an airy substance now, [** sighs.*]
I wish it were confin'd a longer space

To run its course, that I my King may shew,
The man gave me this wound, him to exalt
Above the rest by Title, degree and honour.

* Oh, now the fading hour-glass consumes its sand, [** sighs.*]

Each corn a drop of blood, and the three fates
Come with their hungry appetite to cut
My fatall end, and blood doth bubble by

The hottest combate that us two did fight:
* Oh, I must I must, the bones begin to be [** sighs.*]
Afraid of flesh, the sinews stand at difference,
All my body cold, save onely heart, doth
Leap by its extremity of pains, and

Love and War.

Hot with sorrow; * I come, I come, make room [* *stagger.*
Amongst you, ghosts, see there be place for
Me, * I dye. [*Falls down, and dies.*

Hol. Thou dyes then like a man, whose breath did bear
The whole *Numenia's* Land in a subjection,
The onely pillar of thy Countries good,
Death hath surpris'd the conquest of thy soul,
And this thy trickling blood that's here display'd,
Doth shew thy progeny to take its flight
From *Brutus*, or other greater Monarch,
My spirit's sorry for such a thrice noble friend.

Derisus enters.

Hol. Return, return, thou runs upon thy death.
Deris. Draw in that sulphurous breath: I live! and
Here my Generall he lies slain; no, no, [*Fight, Deris. falls*
and dyes.

Hol. Die slave, as thou hast been ordained. [*Exit Hol.*

Quer. turns the bodies over and over, to see whe-
ther they be dead or no.

Quer. Robin dead, dead? Jack, dead, dead? are you
Or no?-- faith if you be not I'll make you, [*He drawes his*
I'll panch you, Roguer, and make you know *Sword.*
What I am, — what not [*Deris. shakes his legge, and*

Quer. runs away, but after draws nigh again.

Dead still, but stir you, hang
You, hang you. I'll have one of you sure
Enough; come away, come away come---come---

He trayles Deris. off the Stag, by his hea!

Scen. 4.

Ternomy.

Tern. Fight, fight, the day's our own,
Squeeze forth thy spleen with a censorious frown,
And turn my serious blows into a wrack of gall,
Deliver'd to my sight, ten thousand men
Were slain, and like an *Abyssus* did the earth,
Inclose all in a lump, converting so
Their oakley chaists into a putrid form,
And these my Robes, a badge receive from those,

Love and War

Of honour, pomp, and glory to the day.
 I follow them my selfe, so the compunction
 Of their boyling blood did then rebate
 My former formes into most pleasant calmes
 Stand, stand, thou slave. [*B. in my enters.*
But I fear no Rebell, such an one as thee, [*They fight, he*
 Consume thy selfe to ashes, and there lie: *kills Terno.*
 My Generall *Rurigo*, what, thou kill'd;
 What mortall motion propagated it
 This cannot be withstood, but hymns must sound,
 And Elegies complain thy dolefull fall;
 The Firmament crack with a thunder, and
 The stars want light at this thy funerall;
 A marble shall inclose thy sacred soul,
 But cause its nature weeps, and may be term'd for thee.

Exit Bar. and carries out Rurigo.

Aberden, Hollarro, Fafrinus, Buchanan, Neve-
mo, Orestes, Sisterus, taken captives and bound,
Perpurgerus, Quermoro, Souldiers, Flad,
Ensigns, Drums, & retreat.

Aber. We content in liberty, and honour with the same,
 By a most fortiff will, and by idleness,
 Their ranks dispers'd, doth inflame fear with it;
 The blew pavillions in which comfort liv'd,
 Are routed by the heavens stormy blasts;
 His Forts demolished, and his Army broke
 Into a hundred squadrons, not able
 To do a damage to our potent strength,
 His Subjects hear our captives, and his chiefs
 Of all the Souldiers slain, shot, powder, by
 Them vanished, all Bulworks they consum'd.
 The best politick way that must come here,
 Is to destroy both branch and root of them;
 And that *Hollarro* be the Captain of
 This new Dominion, so shall dame Peace
 Still flourish with her train.

Holl. Your purpose is confirm'd by me, and that
 United to your onely selfe. My wound
 Doth fester, and begins to rave beyond

Love and War.

A fury of its hot inclining, visiting me,
Thus with torn tossed discord,

Faf. The Heavens shews a face to prosper our
Success, the Sea is calm with gliding streams;
The wind doth shut a favour with its blasts,
And th'skie looks clear with serene splendence
All by invasion strive to do us good,
Then suffer all our Navy to the coast,
And spring *BRUZANTIA'S* Land, carry the
Captives to the Queen of love, *Adrimemia*.

Bruza. A conspiracy works with harmlesse will.

The air displays her friendship to the cause,

The Element of water joyns her force,

To suffer all a shipwrack, if not now

We take this opportunity the Turrets

Of our hope consume with fear, after invasion

Of an obstinate and a perverse sense,

So let us go to that our native soyl,

The Captains stand and tremble at that word.

Nev. Nature her Empire will at last give way,

The limits are unclos'd in which she moves,

A fainted courage can never withdraw

Such a design, if knowledge be against:

So most great Sovereign of your sacred will,

Draw down the Forces to the River side,

Because the day is vanish'd, and their force;

Aber. Then, stout *Hollarro*, draw your whole Army down;

Clear all the Camps, and let the bondmen free,

Fear lest the *Pleyades* with its constellation

Drop stormy weather, and a season foul;

For now the Equinoctiall line doth poize

The day and night both into equall parts,

And no dyasterson soyl doth work such fate,

As make a wisdom rise against our hate.

Ho l. Father, you King of great *BRUZANTIA*,

Conquer'd *Celerus* of *Neumena*,

I needs must visit you with good for ill,

If such a thing were forc't against my will.

The noyse of fame, and nimble swift-flow'n hope

Gives freedom pardon for to life her scope;

You need not bid, but command him that stands

Love and War.

Submissive in the way of your commands.
I will conduct the Army, hoyst the sails
To where you please, in him it never fails.

Aber. Confirm thy resolution.

Quer. Hunger, hunger, prey thee *Perpergerus*
Give me some victualls, my teeth begin to gnash.

Per. Here, take all. [*He gives him some scraps.*]

Quer. Oh reward thee, its ready cut to my hand. (*Exeunt.*)

Scen. 5.

Celerinus, Gervoron, Burnomoy.

Cel. *Burgargo's* gone, and all my Lords taken
Captives; when *Titan*, obscur'd within his Orb,
The verdant fields receives a Gown of dew,
But when my Generall lies in *Elizium*,
Then floods of sorrow spends their store,
And do prolong it by a conduit art,
And stew the whole soyl in salt, brackish tears.
The wind doth shew its force as by a fury,
So doth the ebbing Sea abound with gall;
One strikes alarum with a thundring voyce
In the air; the other like a Lion,
Roars forth her spleen under the Globe,
All to the celebration of the soul
Of great *Burgargo*, my onely Generall,
Without a transformation of a sudden change.
They'l rage their bounds too far beyond their power,
And if no calm strike overthwart their Lawes,
Such a strange tossed tempest brings a ruine
To the terrestiall Ball, and so with their
Raging motion strike a fire, as *Cyclops*
Throws his Thunder-bolts, bring a consumption
To the substance of't. all for *Burgargo*.

Gr. The two-wing *Pegasus* doth stand ready
To shew the fame about the world; her motion
Is swift, but he is swift as she,
Cutting the air, and parting grosser forms
To view the lacrimy of such a friend,
Soaring the Climates, praucing by the stars,
Viewing the lower, middle, higher of

Love and VVar.

The three Regions, before he comes to th' Moon;
So passing all till he comes to that light
Of *Jupiter* and *Falciſer* at one ſight;
All for the praiſe of him who ſtriv'd with hope
To gain the Land from damage, loſſe and ſoyl:
The holy Saints doth clamour with a ſound,
Welcome *Burgargo* to our poſſeſt ground,
Take the Trophies of *Martius Campus* field,
Who ne're did turn to Enemies or yield,
Sit with a Coronet of a golden twiſt
Upon thy head, to be the Prince of all th'reſt,
All make ſubmiſſive forms, a ſolemn bow;
All ſtand affraid, and make to him a vow,
To be their King, for they did ne're injoy
Such an Heroick ſoul as that ſame boy;
Yet more's our loſe, and pittie for the ſame,
Parting both with his body, and his name,
Beauſe, of his blood no poſterity follows.

Burg. The valorous of all ſouls return with joy,
The *Caffiopeia* and *Ursa major* crave,
A ſame of that ſame honour to the grave;
They run by Tropicks of the frigid Zones,
Leaving the carcaſs as the firmer bones;
All ſtars lament by conſtellation,
His down-thrown ſame by a rebellion;
They tear their Robes, caſting about their ſlouſs,
Nothing is left but print of their ſoul hoofs;
The pale reflects of *Cynthia's* cryſtall front,
Springing in the vaultie heaven there a font,
To glide with reſtleſs ſtreams a hilding bleſs
Of gravities, and parts, from the work and meſs
Of beſt proportioned honour, pulling to
The gifts of praiſe to whom they all do owe;
They all preſage unto a dreamy Throne
Of their beſt wiſdome, what he doth intomb,
As honour, valour, and ſobriety,
Meekneſs and patience, with celerity,
They found an Empire of all thoughts in him;
They found the ſweet of joyes fill'd to the brim;
Within the ſtructure of that ſacred ſoul,
It ſhew no ſhadow, but in ſelfe the moul

Of onely valour, brave man-hood, with the name
On which they'll fix an everlasting name

Cel. You have no envy in a rational way,
Lest make a happy But fall to the deep,
It greets the cause, prolong no future deed,
Since he dyed valorous, let a valorous
Grave receive his soul:

Bur. Confirm the same with
A Page of comfort to the Mute, sing
Make a following pomp, exhibit a show

Adrinemia, Murgorus, and Arinell.

Adr. Resolve no resolution, for the cause
Thou understandst preys no remedy
In my sole knowledge, thou gives there no aid,
To a prevention of a future danger,
Wisdom cryes help, to call a resolution
In th' hand of *Labell*, of a real deed.

With a commission of an issue true,
Of shroud and pensive to a quick return,
Charydis or great *Sylla* threaten death
To their swift navy, or the mount,
Hath burnt their top sayls, on cast down their masts,
Turning their rudder to another coast.

While time affords an ornament to deck
My sensuall mind with shap'es of horror, fear,
And love, doth now dismember the defence,
I had, whereby I conduct my prov'd skill,
They captives are, no captives they receiv'd,
For else my King would have blaz'd his troops home,
He promis'd the company whom he took,

No company here is sent, *Murgorus*
Tell the cause, the Court is black for want of
Sparkling Lords, to give a lustre to its
Marble walls.

Mur. Most high Princes,
Things by the counsell of vain sorrow's will,
Doth sojourn with the cause, the whirlwinds
Apt to make a tempest rise, bellowing the
Waves till their whole mountains soar aloft,
And by the craggy elite who catch the wind

Strikes with a desperate blow to swift winds ships,
May cause detard, and make sloath to ascend
Her private and her withdrawing chamber,
Of your censuring soul, and cause the twinkling of
A minute more or less, to shew in length
A number of long years, but suffer not
Such Rivals to exhale such innatural

Fumes, bring indignation to the voice; and
Spirits, and perplexity to the Brain.

Nere. The informer of the day, light, track a knell,
The twelve a clock, again his sounding bell;
When then by counter this he did performe his fight,
They arrive our coast before the next night;
But now by fortune blind, I have forgot
That hour is gone, and they will in the flood
And *Sol* like nimble passenger surounds
The hills again, discenting to the down,
And yet no Herald doth thusse forth no name,
None strikes Love's panics, or her words proclaim;
It must be some strange tempest that drives back
Their ships from shore, which I will waite to see.

Ad. Why it's a rebellion for a King's disdain;
For his own Queen, nor to her find a line;
If storms did bind the ships within the harbours;
Yet quick flown message might come to my ear,
But ne're since the voyage took its game,
Upon the restless Seas, I heard by Post
They stay their living, or confin'd their dead.

Mur. I feel a pain, like Cerberus's falling jaws,
 And *Tantalus* his gaping with desire
 To gain the Apples, are not to compare
 To these the torments that doth drench my soul,
 All bring an ocean of a foul despair,
 Because they stay beyond the bounds of time,
 And cause a lingering motion to answer
 For their detard. *Exeunt.*

Exempt.

Scen2

Love and War.

Scen. 7.

*Celerinus, Gervoron, Burhomoy: the Funerall of a valiant
Burgargo passeth over the Stage, with his Scutcher
on, Armour, Herald, with Flags, Torches, a drum beating
and Mourners.*

Cel. Let earth kiss th'corps with sorrow, and rest you;
Could potent strength, or magnanimous deeds,
Bidding defiance to envy, spite, the force;
Solemn confirm'd to ~~some~~ haughty sky,
Or vertues Off-spring, or the Nymphs of th'maine,
Save this same mortall man from being slain;
Then fortune had conquer'd death, and thy soul
Still liv'd with us: but we may curse the fates
With more hatred vows, and not lament thy
Rape so to despair, because Mars honour'd so
Thy Royall valour, dying like a Champion;
The scraggy fleshless bone, man, dust not bring,
Or put to sight, a ~~best~~ to wind thee in;
Had not first glory, a rich Garland hold
To crown thy merits, fram'd of brandish gold,
The Country laments thy fall, and thy King too,
My subjects to thy Herald both make a bow,
Giving the praise and honour of the day,
Lauding thy name, and crowning thee with bay;
But now the Cypress must take place for it.

Elegies song.

*Hector was famous for War,
Achilles did excel him far;
Scipio was valiant stout,
Hanibal put him to rout;
Ulysses knew to handle Leger,
Ajax did above advance;
Turnus; fought well at a field,
Æneas him forc't to yield;
Priamus had kingly power,
Agamemnon him brought lower;
Hercules did valiant act,*

Love and War,

Alexander did great facts;
Paris was a valiant soul,
Burgargo doth these count out;
Hector was no man to him,
Achilles knew nothing in;
Then fall in pieces thou earth,
Weep thy self into a dearth;
Scipio he was not stout,
Hannibal knew nothing to it;
Then let us all mourn alone,
To this soul that is here slain;
Ulysses held not a sword,
Ajax he knew not a word;
Then lament this down-throw fall,
That is hapn'd to us all;
Turnus may be termed soul,
Æneas knew not his soul;
Then break forth into a maine,
Shower tears as if 'twere rain;
Priamus had no hand in war,
Agamemnon knew no jar;
Then send rumour to the skie,
And make thick clouds with our cry;
Hercules was child in shew,
Alexander ne're like knew;
Then we'l mourn our selves to death
'Cause he is bereav'd of breath;
Paris he was not a man,
Burgargo did all withstand;
Then we'l make both hills and dales
Know the losse of all our males.

Cel. The faculty of penetrating grief,
Surrounds the brave Idea of all joy;
The sable dressings of her mournfull dayes,
Draws a curtain betwixt our eye and mirth;
The body of *Burgargo* must be interi'd,
And valiant deeds dies with that soul;
For *Julius Caesar* when he conquer'd *Troy*,
Ne're knew such deeds as he doth here imploy;
All are not worth a nomination to

Love and War

His rare atchievements.

Bur. Let all their barbarous words bring hail with them
Inviting *Eolus*, to make a tempest roar;
Yet those we would whistle by as a jear,
For all that, *Burgargo's* gone.

Cel. Thy soul doth crush all pomp in infamy,
Let not rage spend the courage of your hearts,
You are, my Lords, my onely Lords I have,
The *Scythian* Wolves ne'r war'd amongst the flocks,
As your two valours did amongst your foe.
My other Lords are took for sacrifice,
To that hellish Queen *Adrinemia*;
Yet we will grapple for the reason of 't,
When Lawes are settl'd, and the havock quell'd,
Prolong your journey to the silent grave,
For triumph of the Corps and Funerall;
And let all Peets use their brains and pens
In praise of him and pomp of buriall.

Bur. My Leige, your will's fulfill'd. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 8.

Bellerro, Lerinica, Histerica.

Bel. Are you not yet perswaded to combine?

Ler. No, nor never.

Bell. How Vulturs in a cogirations shape,
Know my inflamed heart, masqing dismall
Prodigies, let eccho answer contrary,
Sound a retreat, cherish the trope of hope,
Strike dum that sense, that is protractor
Of those airy notions that again-sayes all,
Answer once more, let passion move the favour,
Dispatch the case, and mercy take a place,
Shall birth rebound, I will and can: speak, speak.

Ler. No no, great Duke, I cannot.

Bell. That sound strikes dumb my soul,
The Lilly, Rote, stands in battalia form,
Asking their decent hieus 'gainst your frowardness,
The Dazie carries lance to shew the savagenesse;
Vesper and *Hesper* doth by aspect shew
Their influence to sling still against you;

Love and War.

Mounts and Dales make skirmish against other,
Because you suffer such a Rose to smother,
Confounding nature, and deceiving earth,
Killing both matter, and both air and breath.

Ler. None of these strange Fords may make such need,
And frame a darling of a vain despair,
I will not wrong both nature and the soyl
With foggy mists of vicious quality.
As not to marry, but that vapoured slime
Shall turn the voluptuous humour to
A ficcid substance, and not swelling forth
That radical moisture to be soon exhald;
I'll marry, but not yet.

Bell. The winding comets, by confession brings
An antidote, to acute se avours sharp;
But you my Comet, and my blazing star,
Turns me a Pagan, and speaks death thereto.
The cask wherein the camp of graces lay,
Is turn'd a den of groaning mischief loud;
I cannot live, if th' loadstone of your will
Change a virtue stupid to the Iron.

Cupid may bend his shaft, his arrows loose,
But ne'r hit so fair a mark as this.
Venture a whole quiver to the Sea and Land,
But rebound venom to such lips as thine;
Marry, marry, for the present time
Excells both past and future, though divine.

Hist. Sir, she is the master-piece of all Arts,
A whirly-gigg of glittering stones,
The Sun is clouded, and the stars want light,
When she by her airy motion enters.
See, speak again, she's like a purple die,
Neither loose colour, nor her face thereby.

Bell. The flowry shade devoutly kneeling to
Brave *Titans* rays, with a compendium
Of servitude, that by obedience,
Both Woods and Fens receive a party shade,
And Groves stand shivering with the drops of cold,
Because offensive to his glorious head;
But I stand like a Willow, more then Oak,
Up to the shrine of your beatitude,

Love and War.

Expecting licence when I may presume

To violate the wind with a false

Of your bright palm, not daring crave a beam

Of favour from your looks.

Ler. The question of a danger, waits a danger,

Meeting with death or life at some kind;

Therefore I'll enter with a rescue none,

I hate no look from a Hermaphtodite,

A man in shew, but woman in the speech,

Therefore desist; no favour from my hands,

No, none.

Bell. The intrag'd foe, both pride and avarice,

Aims at the Capitoll of poverty,

And Phrygian plains, who, bound with Chariottery,

Is form'd a channell uselesse, out of date,

Voluntary hearts oft ransack bodies

Of a lively-hood, and royall freedom

Grant such a small request.

Ler. The night derides the day, sure otherwise

Such instances should not offer to rise,

But more or lesse, none from me.

Hist. Alas poor man.

Bell. Oh object of despair

But most sweet Madam, please to let me wait,

The shadow comforts me when't wants the haire.

Ler. The fester'd thoughts of your vain reflex will,

Mocks but your habite, and with fancy fill.

Bell. The servile tribute that I owe to you,

Bindeth my glory for to waite you know.

Ler. The Apple mollifies the heart that sees

Its lusture, but not my soul if't please.

Bell. 'Tis, 'tis your goddess-like soul that sweeps away

The gloomy night, and brings with it bright day,

Come then we'll go.

Hist. I'll wait your purpos'd will.

Scen. 9.

Chorus. Song 1.

*Weep forth Phrygian Swans
Phrygian Swans weep forth*

Love and War.

To see so fair (but cruel)
A creature on the earth.
Who is beyond all nature,
Or pencill art can make;
Weep forth, weep forth,
So fair, but obstinate.

2.

Heavens send a smile
Prospering the successe,
To gain so fair a substance
Within her selfe a blesse;
VWho is belov'd of all souls,
Yet makes their bodies quake;
Weep forth, weep forth,
So fair, but obstinate.

3.

She's a morning star,
Lighting mens hearts;
But when they see that object,
She wounds them with loves darts;
Yet they are so intangled,
That they'l die for her sake;
Weep forth, weep forth,
So fair, but obstinate.

Song 2.

1.

Let quick-foot nimble Doe
Surround the valleys all,
And make a pleasant consort,
As they each other call,
For peace doth bind them to it;
Aberden got the day,
Both Bucks and Dics may play their fills,
There's none will again-say.

2.

He rides in great triumph,
With subjects waiting on,
And with his most curst Queene,
Without Rebellion.

Velcrinus forc'd to turne
His Maiesty to yield

Love and War.

*And glad that he escaped so
To give Aberden field.*

3.

*Their valours play their part,
Æneas and Turnus great,
Did neither of them manage
Their Army so compleat:
But when the foul smoaky clauds,
That they with Gun-shot made,
Was vanish, and was turn'd serene,
Aberden he best plaid:*

Act 4. Scen. 1.

Aberden, Hollarro, Fafrisius, Bizarain, Nevermo, Orestes, Sisters.

Aber. **W**elcome once more unto *Bruzantia's Land*,
My Lords, we lost not one but *Yernomy*,
Without discredit of the sword, or pelts,
The flashes of their thunder-roaring Canons,
Bred but a night not overcame the fight.
They fainted as their sword aimed at our heads;
Saying dame nature forgot the Deities;
Fortune was turn'd a fool, they car'd not for't,
When their rag'd Army was torn by discord,
No Empire took their will, time chid their folly,
Because they did dismember counsell skills:
Experience hang a Flag to shew the woe
That would pursue the evicted Army.
Amazed all stood at distance, intending
To give a shout and fly; but grief mounting
Upon the soaring wings of utter'd speech,
Did stop and cease both anger and the cry,
Conspiring then again to win the Ile,
Which was turn'd frustrate to the purpose, and
We took the Lord, the which my Queen shall have
In grateful sense.

Holl. Your Princely graces and sacred Majesty,
May dazle the lustre of a glorious fire.
Foundation of mildnesse strives against the stream,

Love and War.

If it seek a revenge within the gates,
Or flowry bank of your resigned will;
Mercy the sister of a peacefull time,
Sav'd millions from the sparks and darts of death,
Which by the worthy motions of your will
Was carried on, or otherwise sharp and
Keen swords had made no standard there,
But sent pale death as Captain of the Fort.

Faf. The Darts strove in the air, even then to chuse
Whether to fall or fly; their scabtenesse
Did so surprize their force; yet valiant you;
My sacred Leige, stuck to the glittering Arms,
Holding both sword and shaft to work a sign
Of manhood, courage, degree and title;
And passing fenced foords, to captivate
These Lords we have, they trembl' within
The Ring of fear, knowing no side
Where passage makes escape; the Swan did
Sing not half so many notes, as hollowing cryes;
And bloody screeks did make a harmony;
Well, 'tis fortune, not the fates did work this
Bold attempt.

Aber. You speak still like your selves, which Lords
And Princes are: what say you captives?

Orest. Our soul and bodies are desolate of peace,
Yet let your Queen and men be filld with wrath,
We'l choose no spoiled gain, but truth to *Celerinus*.

Sist. Yea, King, its so; though we be captives now,
Time changes, and in them our manner doo;
Though furies tear my body, yet my soul
Shall stand for *Gelerinus*, King of all
Numenia; and your Queen's wrath are Pearls
To us, because we dye not guilty.

Aber. My lov's no worse to you, since truth rebounds
With hope, you shall have hence my favour.

Orest. No favour we crave.

Sist. We desire no favour.

Ner. The ancient freedom that we did possesse,
Strikes a perpetuall fame unto your name,
A full ripe plumed bird should be the guide
And messenger to over-fly the world,

Love and War,

And mount up to the skies, to let them know
Your excellency.

Faf. 'Tis, 'tis most true.

Aber. The day grows on, my Queen expects me now,
The harmless will of her known genius,
Flames in a lake of longing sighs for me,
Proceed and be the buckets to quench it;
But since the day consumes, We send for her,
My Lord *Nevermo*, conduct the Queen to presence.

Nev. My Liege, I go.

Exit Nevermo.

Aber. Come Captives, here must be your doom,
She'll have your lives if you were twenty more,
But yet my favour goes with you.

Orest. I thank your Majesty.

Sist. Great King, all glory wait on you;
But I am conduc'd by willingnesse to dye.

Orest. So I am, since I am an exile.

Aber. You are, stay, here's the Queen.

Scen. 2.

Adrenimia, Nevermo, Attendants.

Adr. Aberden, welcome to your Kingdom, and your Queen;
Loe, I see *Celerinus* subjects bound,
And for my use, which gives a resolution
To my sense, if your own Queen by tractive
Operation, work effect, to dismiss
From contemplation of your soul, all
Opportunities that doth bring despair,
You shall find no stratagem that to be
Irrevocable, and the objects of
Foul melancholly, shall nor afford the
Idols of vain puffing fears.
For those are they that doth commit, and doth
Drop unto eternity great contrarieties
Unto your majesty, and place of Prince,
The service of a sadfull humour,
Works undiscrectly, and changing certain things,
It's alwayes proved; the Chaos rectifies
You a great Warriour, both in Waves and Land,
Whose pectora ll force (expected) did prevail:

Love and War.

No losse of War or Arms, if nature stood
To oppose the slaughter of so many lost;
But I'll sacrifice my wishes to your selfe;
Gladly received my King.

Aber. Your patient favour receives a great applause;
And I your King expect no future joy;
My Queen, your receivance is most gratefull,
And bids adieu all sadnesse, but not contemplation,
Which shews a firm judge of a prime design;
Safety pleads leisure, and shew fair shape
To commonalty, not a vain flasse-glass,
Of best contriving virtues,
To effect the Gardian (not a bad excuse)
Of their firm liberty, the Gems of all
The Indians strikes no lustre to your
Fame; you are not fair, but virtue follows it:
My Queen, the Captives stand at your command.

Adr. My Leige, your favour.

Holl. Duty doth force obedience to my knees, [*Kneels.*
Great Queen, your sacred will if 't please to grant
A blessing to *Hollarro*, a wounded subject
To serve the Queen; your will?

Adr. Rise, valiant Prince, my blest go to thy years,
To find *Aberdens* blood in thy young youth.

Holl. You may term void of sense unto my state,
But hope survives the spirits, 'cause I bring
A pardon firm and just, 'tis my duty.

Aber. *Hollarro*, rise, your duty binds no further;
But what I know.

Holl. Your will, great Queen.

Faf It were a sacriledge, and that rashly
Committed against your Princess goodnesse,
Not to offer my selfe a Souldier to your will.

Buz. Mine follows by a triple form, great Queen;
Your subject salutes you with a happy
Bliss.

Nev. I stand a safeguard to your goodnesse.

Adr. Faithfully done, here wants brave *Fernamoy*.

Aber. Forgive the fact that's done, not rob'd your will;
He's slain, to pay devotion to your looks;
Rude was his fancy, but senselesse was his guide,

Love and War.

Allowing no recovery to his kindled fame:
He dy'd a Hector, a Prince ; nay more, he slew
Millions of Forces to ransom then his death;
He left the world by *Burnomoy's* stout arm,
But *Burgargo*, *Hollarro*, sleep did charm,
For to describe true valour in fancy fair,
In reall substance to deserve the chair :
The Goddesses of all hope favour'd his deeds,
The Goddesses of all might help'd him in needs;
The Goddesses of all right stood true to him,
The Goddesses of all happ did valour bring :
The Gods and Goddesses struck union to
His well fast blade, his stiffe fram'd bow of Yew.

So brave *Hollarro* shall be onely name
Through all *Numenia*, there to carry fame.

Adr. *Hollarro*, still thy atchievements soar above
The mean capacity of a *Queens* recompence :
These are the captives, I like them well, their
Heads are large to be a pinnacle of fame ;
They're mine, great King.

Aber. They are for recompence
Of your deserts.

Adr. You render pure substance of a divine will,
By outward shew, no excuse they expect,
But dye a sacrifice, for to restore
The jewel of my fainting liberty :
The Hatchet's well prepar'd to execute
The case, the block perceives its finish'd, not
In gaud, but martiall way, to make the Harmony,
My attendants expecting the prosperous
Sight of that same day, by forming new
Altitudes, erecting large Houses for the
Same: Ple make no great dispute, but finish it.

Holl. Great *Queen*, the subjects I avouch by true
Affect and powerfull law, descend of noble
Blood.

Adr. Well, they are no worse, but better for my use.

Cap. Ah las, we must then dye.

[*Adr.* I, I; see who attends us there.]

Love and War.

Scen. 4.

Quermero.

Quer. I am here, I am here.

Aberd. Well, what art thou?

Que. A Gentleman of quality, as good as your self.

Aber. Why, I am a King.

Quer. Well, so am I, sause-box.

Aber. My Lords, conduct the knave to prison, and
Prepare a lath to execute its office.

Quer. Oh las, you will; I'll try your force : *[They carry*

Quer. out, and he struggles mightily with them.
How, how ——— how ——— let go your hold.

Aber. The slaves and bondmen, which have wrought a
Councell, to dig the works of War, as the
Pioneers do raggin the walls :

And they who use to toyl in labyrinth,
And founders of their folly, are prisoners
To your pick-axe ; Hospitalls doth crave my
Aid, and Eunuchs make a market for
My home return; so force pleading my will,
I leave you with my Serpents and my foes,
As emblems to my valour and my state,
Use discretion as time doth interview,
And appoint a season to your sport ;
For I must dismiss your rank. *Ex. Aberd.*

Adr. My King, a happy repose unto your soul ;
Who attends there ?

Bellerrio, Lerenica, Histerica, and atten-
dants.

Adr. The passage of a drowsie pomp withdrew
A door of breathing betwixt the ark of store,
Of hidden voves, shewing the pride of fortune
In a chance, ravishing the beauty of a
Monsters hide, and stuck a stage of desire ,
To harbour the fancy of a dreadfull sign,
To spill the blood of captives ; *Lerenica,*
You'll screek and vanish with the dame of fear ;
But I'll repulse that guide that titles it,

Love and War.

So bring the captives to the slaughter-house.
I'll shift such Robes fit for such enterprize. *Exit Adre.*

Holl. Madam, I'll improve my reverend service,
To see the same fulfill'd.

Ler. The sovereign balm for fear, must be a heart
Void of a sensuall cause; but I'll attend
To see the genius of all mortall souls,
Wear the sad Cypress of a gloomy day.

Bell. *Lerenica*, your servant, will wait your time.

Orest. Spare us, and let us speak before we dye.

Holl. Give them time to breathe their last farewell.

Orest. The stroke's a Basilick, the sight doth kill,
Confirms a death by venom of its raze;
Perfidious creature, more degenerate Fate.
Steeping his aspects in foul *Leth.*'s streams:
So *Adrenimia* by her cursed hand.

But fury bids defiance to those guiles,
My time doth shew by prospect now full old,
Tossing my senses by grim horror's waves;
So noble Prince confirm to future time,
And to posterity I dye a Man,
A prop of th'Country, the *Numenia*:

So by a swifter motion life survives
The dregs of mortalls to the prime of things:
My appetite is fresh'd by gizzard of a cause,

To view the spirits of transcendent Kings,
Great *Jove*, who weighs the ponder of this ball,
Make creatures Angels in *Numenia*'s Land,

To stand the stratagems of forraiu foes;
Brazen their souls to yield to no deceits;
(Oh, death makes my senses fly)

And dare *Aberden* rule great *Ce'erinus*?

Suffer the *primum mobile* to rest,
Which rules the sphere according to their Orbs,
Consume the highest Region, and drive down
The splendent lights, but at length I must die;
Desist thy talk, thy Candle waxeth dim,
And onely such is left to see death grin.

Sis. The smoaky mists bids light adieu, with her
Obscure cloak, then suffer a dolefull sound
To eccho my spirits with an *Ebian* cry:

Love and War.

These chalmes sayes, Mirth depart. So decent are
These new found novelties unto my soul !
So hymns of Elegies please a parting close,
Rack I must suffer for my King and Land.
Well, 'tis my duty, my breath's bound thereto,
Onely a faculty's left to close a hymn, to
Spend all its bounds to eternize your fame,
Inform, some Goddes, where I shall begin
To make a prayer according to the time :
Brave valiant soul, *Burgargo*, I'll relate.
Because thy death, my pain doth propagate,
Thy sacred shrine directed, journey sweet
In leaving us, bids mine go to and sleep ;
The griefs doth punish, consume the fountain
Of my weak vitall spirits, and the main,
A fruitrous case bids anger play her part,
And aim at nothing but my wounded heart ;
My life is trouble, but my death gives ease,
So Jaylemen, Keepers, take us when you please.
Attend. We are ready in our office.

Holl. Procure them to the Queen her grace,
I'll stay a season, but I'll follow straight. [*Exeunt omnes prater,*
Hollarro, Bellerrio, and Lerenica, and Histerica ;
and while Beller. and Lerenica discourse, Hollarro
walketh on one side of the Stage viewing Lerenica.

Scen. 4.

Bellerrio, Lerenica, Histerica, Hollarro.

Bell. Madam,
It is a vain trifle of a small dispair,
I bring to presence, and not tediousness,
The businesse concerns much your (ass-guard),
Grant it, and then I will relate.

Ler. 'Twere colours of a melanchollious sight,
For to convert the gesture to the sense ;
And meaning of the close, your generous thoughts
Must speak to Ladies, not covert with a smile.

Bell. The night spends forth her dews, beguils her hours,
With strange adventures of a darksome truth,
So I diluted in the practice of,

Love and War.

In courting Ladies to their own content,
Shall crave a place of watchman to your selfe,
In the foul progress of a dangerous time.

Ler. Contempt, despise, and onely disdain grows
In my own breast against a cowards soul,
If that report doth bring a news unto
My audience, not valour flows from veins
Of your Microcosm; I should deride
The case unto your face, so plead not that,
I'll shift for one, take you no care for me:

Bell. Oh obstinate!

Holl. Heavens bless the wisdom of my genius now. [*Aside.*
What State or Generall drew that velvet screen
Of painting troubles 'twixt my eye and heart?

Lerenica, what's that name *Lerenica*?

Sure 'tis no Taper of a fiery blaze:

She pierceth the rights, and joyneth union.

Could my stiffe arm withstand *Numenia*,

And not the glances of a womans eye?

The Realm produceth no such knots of fear:

I see her basis, and her vertex too,

Surround the Camp of her delicious soul,

Yet stand a loof, not undertake the cause,

Because discreetest deeds bid me forbear.

The various forms that heart and spirit moves,

Were cause enough to make one lunatick:

She enters souls, not cares for mortall shews,

And makes my tongue tremble 'cause I report it;

Well, 'tis thy garb and gesture wins the soul

Of Prince *Hollarro* to a nuptiall song;

My breath must have no passage, if dis-joyn'd

From the bright rayes of such a moel-sun's light;

Bellerio shall know, 'twas *Hollarro* laid

The same design (I love *Lerenica*)

I long to see the wells and springs of fire

Still kindled more; so I'll go to my fire,

And make his Majestie acquainted with't.

Exit Hollarro.

Hist. A heap of vermine dispatch a famine

To a common-wealth, and ill-disposed manners,

So you despair unto a Ladies will.

Bell. Hold your tongue, you are troubled with Histerical fits,

Time

Love and War.

Time which reacheth forwards by its means,
Falls under question of a sole denyall :
Muse no more, but let discretion answer
Unto the cause; the bud is sprung, and fruit
Must have its time to come unto maturity;
But too long kept, grows putrid in it selfe :
Trenches and shelves are horrid stratagems;
Unto the ships tost on the ruder waves,
But time dilate them to their confusion,
Making no Caves but solid earth of them.
Mark then that Gentleman, which is rough before,
But bald behind, and there no hold to get.

Lere. The revenue of a Maidens life,
Is the whole Wardrobe of all mirth and joy;
But when combin'd unto a fouler Mass,
Provision of all strife and vain discord,
Venturing the plundering of such nature gifts,
Were sacrilege beyond the end of hopes
Therefore desist a truder to bereive
The same which never nature doth restore,
Mine's kept for better spirits than your selfe.

Bell. Those words are like a Parthian, flying kills,
And raise a mutiny of furies in my brain;
Forbear that contemplating case, *Homer*
Had ne're blast'd fair *Helen's* fame so far,
But knew the disposition of that shrine,
Would equalize her attributed parts:
Prefer no more those sparing words, but quench
The concealed fire of affection;
Shall I embrace, grant, help my mind?

Lere. Great Duke, you take a spangled action of
No man, to court the meeting of two
Opposites, secretly requires advantage of a sight,
But you erre grossly, losing honour by it,
Because you force, rather then persuade.

Bell. Madam, 'tis my desire must bring excuse,
Because it's parts are invisible to the eye,
Then a short return shall not impoverish
My honour: I must, because in love.

Lere. Vouchsafe no further to prolong your talk,
For it is tedious, and the time requires

Love and War.

Our absence now; *Histerica*, make a
Fire in my Bed-chamber.

Hist. 'Tis done, Madam.

Bell. Since yet dejected, still I'll beg the place,
To be your servant for an hours space. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 5.

Aberden, Hollarro.

Aber. Dismiss that faculty.

Holl. Forbear, I cannot My Leige.

Aber. Oh strange, that pale *Eos* should feed the Tweed,
Shouting such murdering cries unto th' Altar,
(Steeping its sound in poyson of a rage)
Of all victorious souls, your own fame
Strives at a higher glory, then one fair,
It is a painted hieu that Ladies use,
To put fine art before true plain Nature,
Though you feel a pain, 'tis onely love,
A foggy wrath ascends, when bright *Sol* mounts
Swift *Pyrus*; play no more upon faire,
Let worth surmount the Towers of its soul mask,
That influence cannot strike such unheard blows,
As make your soul fly to despair for help.

Holl. Oh *Lerenica*, *Lerenica*, thou, thou. [*beats his breast.*]

Aber. Of future joy the Monarchs of the world
Will sprinkle the notes of such a vain design;
Phabus will make the heavenly Diamonds
Strike rays to shew the folly of your will;
She is not worth a glimmering spark of stone,
Much lesse your Princely Bed; *Hollarro*, chuse
One that is deserving, and my will shall
Not be against.

Holl. The *Tartarian* Prince is gone to forrain soyls
With other strange Hecatombs of all men;
The Captain of my soul must follow them,
If your Princely grace deny my full request;
Could I sound sweeter then the *Delian* Dames,
When the tall Cedars by my force did fall,
Having more fame then the *Ephesian* Towers:
At that same instant, by the stately steps

Of manhood, valour; and not this request,
'Tis true, she's fair, her virtues second it,
Which is the pinnacle of ambition I aim at,
For means are dregs of th'earth, her person shews
Her parts, Princes must have their liking;
Not combin'd to objects of honour.

Aber. The Audacious pines do not stand without fear,
Nor doth your valour without trying it,
Therefore that blind and senselesse Boy must take
His bow, leave you his Arrows to supply his place,
The madding waves of love, strives against stream
Of reason, bringing contempt and disgrace
To noble spirits, their smiles are smoothly
Carried to delude the Olive-branch of hope;
Therefore take one that is of noble blood,
And follow discretion as your will doth guide
Your disposition.

Holl. The sayls of hope is turn'd to leaden plumbs,
Because you plead still for a worthier one,
Though it might be said, 'tis my fortune so,
To mix with flashes of both fear and hope:
Yet when my restless Navy comes to shore,
That same coastle must give my sentence then,
So as I say by rudder of sweet love;
I hope the Magistrate of your affection
Will give a glad mittimus to my soul;
For if contrariety plead at the bar,
Having its tryall to win over-throw,
That deadly sentence must close up my breath,
And make me fear neither Heaven, Sea, nor wind,
Therefore deny and kill; Oh, oh-- [Sighs.

Aber. Strange to a common sense: reason then with
Your selfe, she is a woman nought but flesh
And bone, and a meer gall of bitterness;
You know your Mother well, her savagenesse,
To brew her hands in teppid blood of foes,
And you thus stand in a disposition
Contrary to her heart; I wonder at
That unnaturall sympathy, but e're
You despair, make choyce and venture there,
Where sense doth guide your fancy, but for

Love and War.

All, she is too low your birth.

Enter Quermere in chains, naked from the shoulders upwards, and Jalors after him.

Quer. Oh my back, oh my belly, oh my sides.

Jayl. 1. Oh your breech, sirra, come away.

Quer. Oh prethee spare me, give me time to breathe.
That I may have wind to cry withall, oh, oh, oh.

Jayl. 2. Ha, ha, ha, what, do you feel it then,
You must not be so bold.

Qu. What, as to cry; I will cry, if the King were here.

Jayl. 3. But you shall not cry long.

Quer. Oh bless thee, bless thee, shall I not cry long?
Nay then I'll bid the gentle whip, come, come. *Exe. Quer. & Jayl.*

Hell. The civill pleasures that a dewy shower
Doth gratifie the earth withall, cannot
Be express'd; so your reply troubles my joy.

Aber. Flout no more with Deities of fear,
But take the Empire of all hope and force;
Grief leads no more vain anger as a sign
Of wrath, and ill-disposed manners; haste
To the Rock of mirth, make splinters fly
To be attendants on your Majesty.

Thou hast been valiant, no report shall go,
Thou art dismayed by a woman foe;
Pursue your course, as you have then begun.

Hell. I will my Leige, long live your Majesty.

Exeunt.

Scen. 6.

*Adrenimius, Fafrissus, Buzarain, each of them
bearing a mans head, and Nevermo following
with a Hatchet.*

Adre. The siege of Thebes, and Ulysses Acts,
Ne'r betrayd fancy with so sweet a sight;
The Heads doth gape, but cherisheth no amber breath;
Oh las it is a pitty that no sooner had
Hold them up, let's see the glory of the same,
The night will betray my mirth, before my eyes
Be satisfied, the Banquet and Musick

That

That I took therein, brought recreation
 To my vitall sense, besides no equals;
 Or raptures promis'd by a future joy,
 Could bring reward to what I here have seen;
 The Artillery of all hope was waggon'd up,
 Betwixt their heads and shoulders, that's their necks,
 My soul cannot by publick, or secrecy,
 Be sufficient Actor to King *Aberden*,
 In duty, or in praise, for this same fact.
 Unbolt the Prison Gates, set them open,
 And let the numerous slaves be glad to see
 Such great Triumphs, and their selves set full free,
 And mysteries explain'd, by Gods of Temples all,
 Because such prosperous jubilee fell out,
 I recruit my selfe to see those signs.

Faf. The progeny of humanity challenge title in't,
 Because you shew like the *Bithinians*,
 The copulating troops doth entertain,
 Offame and valour, your most bright *Queens* health,
 The heads doth shew your praise, and doth prepare
 A sacrifice unto your sacred shrine,
 With amorous gesture of a lowly look,
 Not like Amazons, but a *Persians* smile,
 The naturall rights within a Jewels hieu,
 Doth shew the perfect vertues of its selfe;
 So all your sex may with a comely brow,
 Seeing your desertments by wisdoms deeds,
 Turn thanks as bodies of a further fame.

Buz. Discover Engins to subdue the hill!
 Of all renowning praise, that when obtain'd,
 May be a ransome to your Empress;
 The ancient *Romans* had ne'r reflection
 Of so great happinesse, by any Pope,
 As we obtain by your Sovereignty,
 To keep all Lawes and customes in their forme,
 Not suffering them to be wrong violated,
 Making decent pavillions of sobriety,
 To be the Magistrates and Rocks of right,
 The streets rebound (as *Alexander* came)
 With redoubling voyces of your worth and fame.

Adr. When *Sols* bright rayes shines through the curtain

Love and War.

Of an Eastern fogge, then Animals rejoyce;
So do I by your conjuring words,
As if I had obtain'd the Phoenix nest,
Which is a fountain of all sweet incense.
Records and Chronicles to posterity,
Let them challenge memory of the same,
The book wherein the Nymphs correct their garbs,
Let shew the splendor of this brave design,
As orient matter of a mineral,
Strikes beauties pride through the dark of night,
The deed's Syren, cause it wins the hearts
Of all my subjects unto Elizium.

Ner. I am executor bearing the Axe
That brought content and pleasure to a Queen;
The Mayors and Senates of *Bruzanis*,
Stood Officers to th' act and instruments
Thereto; we live like Elephants, disturb'd
By none, bearing the Castle of liberty
On our shouldiers, and Wars thrown down,
Living by Counsell of tranquillious time,
While our foes heads do obeysance to th' Queen,
Making a dance in a triangle,
Avoiding the tortures of a moments fear,
I'll bear the Axe of hope.

Adr. Lets muse no more, seeing the deeds of worth,
The streets themselves its praise will warble forth.

Faf. The tempters of all justice, lastly throwes
At greatest strength, when others potent shew.

Buz. Love's guard bids yield, when honesty doth play
Her questions and occasions for the day.

Ner. Joyn art to arms, as honour bids us do,
And make their heads and bodies lowly bow.

Adr. And for this prize, let go the prisons then,
Draw up Purcellifes and set free men.

Ner. 'Tis done, great Queen, as your generous soul,
Is pleas'd to have, for it doth all controule,

Faf. Then *Querme* om. it go among the rest,
Which of all others he will think him blest.

Adr. See all do go, my joy doth countervail
All former faults, be they e're or frail.

Buz. Clap hands for joy, because the Queen such things.

Doth

Love and War.

Doth propagate, and delightful rydings.

Omnes. Long live the Queen in health.

Adr. Wheel off the plain, and purchase more fame

Then *Ixion* does by turning wheel in flame,

Fetch captives more; till th' Land it selfe doth yield

No martiall soul to bear, or sword or shield

Bring all *Numenia's* brood unto my hand;

I know your strength none of them can withstand,

So I you leave to see the tombs of those

That dead do lie, and prisoners to unloose. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 7.

Hollarro. Lerenica.

Holl. Love speaks as bold, as any Druids preach;

Because its darts strike at the hope of fates,

The champion of all eyes checks bashful thoughts,

Fearing to enter the bar'd Gates of love,

The standards of a losy foundation,

Gives freedom to the lesser pinnacles;

So I by examples, get benefit

To make a fair progress in affections,

And as an interposition of th' Moon

Betwixt our eyes and Sun, causeth eclipse;

So fainting doubts with-draws a screen mantle

Betwixt despair and hope : But, fair Madam,

If you'l yield to be a Princess, I am

The man will make you.

Lere. Most noble Prince,

The place is too honorable for my birth,

And your bright grace flowes by dame virtues spring

Of valour; you might command, not woce a

Humble soul, the Zodiack wherein your

Lamp of goodnesse keeps its motion round,

Like *Cynthia's* silver streams, is too radiant

For on me to gaze; your honour deserves

A Princess rightly born, for manners, tongue,

Not a poor Peasant from a broken Ile;

A *Dido* should make answer for my part,

I am inferior.

Holl. The spirits of a double breast leads Van

Love and War.

In love's Empire, no gulph doth back them to't,
So unknown beauty of a judg'd look,
Oft force affection to keep triumph there.
Your beauty shews beyond a Prince his favour,
Discretion guides the banners of your soul:
You plead too poor, then moves the honour that,
You shall sit crown'd with canopy of fame,
To be a Prince his spouse: I venture soul
More free then *Scipio*, *Marius*, or *Sylla* did,
To maintain the troop of your crysall beams,
My lance shal drop at your foot which monsters tame,
And be a servant at your wills command,
Yield and have the same.

Lere. Great Prince, your will
Hath vigour to with-draw the proudest soul;
You'l knock at *Pluto's* Gate fore *Pegasus*,
Yet feare no death by incense of their breath;
Your brave Heroick mind dare face great *Brute*,
Make *Gian's* toyes, and not know where their's scope;
And when you dance upon uneven waves,
The *Eolian* blades, stand trembling with your fear,
And *Trisons* sound your fame, to please the sense;
Why, it is strange that you doth these repose,
And not a womans shews of mean descent;
I wish my blood were higher for to joyn
In equall manner with your Princes right:
But read some Poet, and you'l then agree I am too low.

Hell. Oh, Poets are men compos'd of species four,

[*Enter Beller. and walks abouts on one side.*]

They'l praise both virtue and vice all in an hour:
'Twas not *Medeas* words, but *Ovids* quill,
That *Hippolytus* most chaste of will;
For if that acute *Ovid* likewise would,
Medea had been as chaste as e're he could;
And 'twas brave *Virgil* made *Aeneas* fame,
Soar above action of brave *Turnus* name;
But if that famous *Virgil* pleas'd to be,
Turnus had been as great, nay more then he;
So 'twas not *Helens* looks, but *Homers* mind,
That made *Paris* his soul to her combind:
For he as well could turn her nature so,

Love and War.

That where she's fair, she should be black as crow;
Dispute no more of Poets, but give leave
My hands for to imbrace, else you deceive
Me of my life.

Lers. Your words imbrew the altar of my will,
And you may force where you have us'd your skill,
The Phoebus of your mind hath grace full bright,
My irksome caves, and my more irksome night,
The influence that's shewn by its bright rays.
Turns days to nights, and nights into clear days:
Therefore my duty is, to not oppose
Your Princely grace, but make choyce where it shews,
But still I am too low.

Holl. Most nobly receiv'd,
We'll make a happy Nuptiall to the day,
And th' King and Queen shall grace bright Hymens play.

Lers. I am submissive.

Holl. Come my joyfull Bride.
It is not long till I lye by thy side. [*Exeunt Hollar. & Lers.*

Bel. Thou blazen Taper that surmountest my skill,
Taken my Mistress mace of all my joy,
Shall not live happy by the victor got,
I'll work thy ruine by some budding plot;
I'll go to *Celerinus*, make my plea,
And joyn him once by love to cross the Sea.
That he may cross my foe, *Hollarro* stout,
Put King *Aberden* and the Queen to rout;
And thee *Hollarro*, which by that design,
He vanquish'd once, at last thou wilt be mine:
Fair *Lerenica*, but cruell to shew
Thy love to me, and to *Hollarro* owe
The right and title of it; but that fact
Shall ruin'd be, before he once doth act.
I'll be a Traytor once to King and Land,
And Prince and Queen, because my love withstand,
Fetch him over the restless seas, the stars
Will prosper my success, because the Wars
Began first in our Land. Why tarry I
To lose the day? both King Queen, Prince, shall fly.

Love, and War.

Seen. 8.

Chorus. Song 1.

1.

*Let sweet face'd Hymens nuptiall songs
Fill all, both hearts and years,
With grace to quell the mournful day
That brings in jealous fears.*

2.

*And no compendium of state
Drop envy to the hour,
That Bride and Bridegroom spend their time,
As in a pleasant bower.*

3.

*Strange factions doing in the Land,
Brings not a slavery
Unto the Magistrates of it,
By fount conspiracy.*

4.

*His flowry banks shews not fair
To that joyfull couple,
Nor Mulmutius half so stout
When his Sons did grapple.*

5.

*Then let the leader of all hope
Hollow triumphant fame,
And let bright Sol beraze the day
Of such a nuptiall train.*

Song 2.

1.

*Still am I forc'd to fly,
And be a traitor to my King,
Because her obstinacy
Doth force a horrid combating,
Lerenica
Doth bear the sway
Of all this troubled distract,
Causes ruine
And undoing, oh most unseeming act.*

Love and War.

2.

Celerinus shall inclose,
And know vermillion from white,
With his Bruzantia's foes,
And frame a field, them for to fight,
Make a battle
Which will rattle.
Sending thousands by the fact
Unto their home,
And their dark tombe, oh most unseemingly,
Wayliday, wayliday, wayliday, wayliday.

Act 5. Scen. 1.

Aberden, Aerenimia.

Aber. **T**He north and south both Poles do not contain
The very thoughts of this our great Lands joyes,
A Conqueror by popular grace ;
I raign with reverent voyce among my flock,
Revenge will not spring up by angers dew,
Or shew its muddy face by foul conspiracy ;
Fortune is prosperous, spurning gods of Love
To dress our Land with crown of Trophies, Gold,
Repulsing Legions of Furies that spend
Their breathing hours nought but to wrack and ruin :
All Lands implore my aid, drooping their head,
Till hope doth blow the fire of better days ;
Sharp empty titles, they make fame of them,
While we with hostile voyce crack Thunder-bolts ;
And 'twas *Hollarro's* valour stated it,
Which is a captive to fond *Cupid's* bolt,
Planting female Cannons charg'd with love,
Whose shot is fear, and powder jealousy,
Turning this Land to the *Antipodes*.
Lerenica hath a stronger arm then he,
And by her sweet-fac'd plots, which Tyrants turn,
Hath the pledges of his Princely brow ;
But at the length he loves her so entire,
That he hath promis'd union to her shrine,
And marry her.

Love and War.

Adr. 'Tis pride, not fortune sure, that nature leads;
His years are too young to hide such vowes;
That glorious rays will vanish with the Sun,
Striking a seeming passage of despair,
And waken the papavered sense of his brain,
Which by an opiate virtue is made dull,
And will revive desire of extasie;
But if that balm, that soveraign balm of love,
Hath so impregnated by a silent look,
The bed of all his joy, and heart of fire,
Them to unjoyn, shall not be my desire;
Let Myriads of prayers, and countries love sound all
Large Hymns of mirth unto their nuptiall;
And let all acute Poets seek their store,
To give the Bride a gift beyond all o're;
Let mirth and triumph then so joyn together,
That there's no difference: 'twixt fair or foul weather.

Aber. The trembling silence of your dreadful vote,
Hath turn'd his title to another sense,
The extream load which virtuous valour bear
By loves punnyard, is an abyss of pain;
But your reply gives a supporter to
That heavy heart, which is by th' load oppress'd,
Out of the stage where honour plays her Scenes.
I know he'll call reward unto your name;
His duty binds such costly grace to me,
That Reason says he will not forget thee.

Adr. The Syrian flames quench the damp of spirits,
So honour'd terms brings conclusion to good will;
I know the dainty Souldiers of such troops,
Fear not the sight of ashes of mens Tombs,
The constellation of his nature good,
Doth bring a recompence beyond that form:
There is no royall looks, or face of fame,
Be more in gratitude then his own selfe,
I with the presence of his Princely plumes,
Would over-fly the Court into this place,
That peace might shew my piety to consent,
To the bright day triumph of his Bride,
I give my free consent.

Aber. His presence is

Love and War.

Expected, heavens starry light doth shew
By their true rays, the substance not far off;
For time doth sacrifice unto the dame
Of patience, the flower of its first prime,
Because our mind staves leasure of his will,
Untill it please be present in our sight,
The dismall looks of th'progress that he goes,
Debars the splendency of his bright beam,
Or otherwise he would have seen the Queen
(Your selfe) my joy, with his blessed spouse;
But stay, he comes with her.

Hollarro, Lerenica.

Adr. Is this her?

Aber. Yes, this is she; welcome *Hollarro*.

Adr. The civill war of all the world, bands knee
Unto your judgement and excellency,
And so I hope this Lady gives the Bayes
Unto your Crown, I wish long happy days.

Hol. Great Queen, the weaknesse of my youth did bend
My fancy to a sensual carelesse end,
Because no knowledge seem'd to admit its trust
Unto your sacred wisdom which is just;
But let a fickle fancy with weak mind,
Crave pardon for my folly there inclin'd.

Ler. And I, most Princely Queen, which Mother be
To my poor soul, I thank on bended knee,
Because you grant the same.

Adr. Rise hopefull childe,
Then King *Aberden* give the day its fill
Of merriment unto a Princess will.

Aber. I will, blest Queen, *Hollarro* take the Bride,
And to the Church be thou a swift sure guide.
Where all the Gods of th'Land stand in a form
Of servitude, as they were all forlorn;
But haste to th'Bishop that combines the knot,
I'll stay at Palace for a future plot.

Exeunt.

Love and War.

Scen. 2.

Bellerio, Celerinus.

Cel. 'Tis strange news you bring.

Bell. But 'tis far truer.

Cel. How can a hazzard of such war, imploy
Any intention of undertaking?

We pay a tribute to them of pure gold,
And sacrifice our lives for recompence,
And th' highest force of all my potent souls,
Is a common Souldier; *Burgargo* gone!
And 'tis a small Nation of its strength, to stand
In revenge of th' looks of *Bruzantia*,
I will not for a world be their combatant.

Bell. Oh how can you upon *Hemus* of fear,]
Rest so securely with subjection;
Let Zephyrus gales move quicker in the ear,
Inform the sense how *Tyranny* doth rule:
I'll undertake with damage of my life,
To bring your Army in by port *Braveron*,
Amongst *Bruzantia's* Lords, and King and Queen,
Before you tread a farlong on that ground: [*kneels*.
Let hopes survive the spirits of a King,
I beg it on my knees; you may perswade
Your selfe, that I am hereno *Harpalus*,
But a true Athenian to your Majesty;
Shall my request return with joy?

Cele. A Monarch's will is not designed of,
Without the counsell of his subjects votes;
Therefore no sayls of joy must carry on
Your wandring Pinnace, till the sight of them:
The Olive branch doth cluster with her fruit,
In the plain soyl of our inhabittance:
Therefore to reflex on a gloomy shade
Of fear and anger were discretion.

Bell. Pitty such angry days that invent it,
As not to admit of a private end,
No forraign aid can help them, for their Land
Is grown infectious by the fatnesse of 't;
Therefore surround their Camp, your victory

Love and War.

Is sure enough, which fertility will make
Your Land as prosperous as the *Agæan* Ile,
Which is nam'd *Delos*, where then there was born
Apollo and *Diana*, God and Goddess;
Then let not peace, like an innocent lambe,
Rule in the Theam, but a rampant Lion,
Rousing from den of fury and ruine,
Shall I you ingage great, King?

Celer. No; my selfe,
Unlesse my subjects by degrees would grow
In love with Diamonds and a Pearl her grace;
The massie waight of gold shall ne'r draw
By North Pole virtue my mind to that Land,
But here's my Lords, Lets hear their votes.

Geruvoron, Bvynomoy.

Col. The man of generous brood *Bruzantia*,
Affords unto the province *Numenia*,
Is here imploring by a wooing cheek,
As th'Moon doth th'Earth in the Antipodes,
That we may ceize a *Lares*, or *Silvaines* great,
On their fatigated limbs in plenty:
Yea, he will undertake to lead from coast,
Our squadrons to the Court *Bruzantia*.

Bur. No happier skie doth shew a light by blaze,
Of planetary influence or rays,
Then those same lines, if vigour be with them;
I'll follow th'motion to carp twig from th'item.

Ger. The same I'll follow, and as a darling,
Cherish; attired in such scarlet Robes;
Will you maintain the deed?

Bell. I will, Captain,
Blaze your Troops unto the river side,
Let no delay strike in with tarriance;
For now their Land is Garden of the West,
Fill'd to the bounds with aromatick fruit,
An Ocean lake of dainties there's in hid;
Therefore the time runs by dame fortunes wills,
Put off no longer, but hoyse sailes to it.

Col.

Love and War.

Cele. No more, no more, my Lord; can Pigmies stand
Against *Bellonia's* threats? lets slide the main,
And all our Gallies lanch into the Ocean,
And make those azoar parallels upon
Its gliding surface, give a happy voyage.

Bur. *Nereus*, and all the gods do pardon not
Our wrong that's done, be pleas'd to view the bounds
Of thousands well joyn'd ships ready for sayl,
Ten thousand men at my command, all proof,
Burning with desire of War, dappled Nags
For to supply those *Alexander* souls.

Ger. No more let frozen thoughts take place within
Our naturall forms, as to be love-sick with
An idle disposition: I know bright *Sol*
Will favour us, by being in Cancer, a
Waterish sign, proceed as preparation
Doth give leave.

Bell. Oh blest *Numenia's* souls,
Make no dispute, time doth grow further on.

Cele. *Gervoron* lead up the blew mayle frocks,
And you *Burnomoy* be my Generall,
Aberden shall see what force guides our hand,
Once more commend our selves unto the seas,
Make no delay.

Bur. None great King, they are ready,
All utensells for the voyage so we go.

[*Bell.* w.th hope, with hope.

Exeunt

Scen. 3.

Aberden, Adrenimia, Hollarro, Lerenica, Frisus, Buzsain, Nevermo.

Aber. Now all *Bruzantia's* rights confirms the day
And *Lacedemonian* customes of the boy
Hyacinthus bids meriment to th'same:
Let shepheards write this nuptial wedding day
In red Capitall Letters for a Holiday,
Joy to *Hollarro*, and the Bride his spouse.
Adr. Hymens fits crown'd with Garlands of all joy,

Love and War.

To welcome train of marriage, Ladies beds,
Sprinkled in form of solace, and of mirth,
And the *Pyrene* mounts deep offerings, to
Such sacred meetings as this day affords,
Long live you both in health and happily.

Holl. Great King, the duty of a weak desire
Comes short in limits of a recompence;
Let humble will, with intention, her aid,
Strike thanks so worthy as you do deserve,
Most virtuous Queen, the law doth guide my sense,
If that I taste once of ingratitude,

(A stranger plant then ever *Glancus* eate)

To turn my selfe into a main of fear,
And counted their a God not for to live,
But by a fained will, so thanks to you
For gracing Nuptialls of my wedlock hour.

Lere. The mind that treads in natures paths,
must say

With the guest of most free deliverance,
All thanks to King and Queen.

Aber. Then Prince *Hollarro*, now the knot is done,

It shall not be said by *Bryzantians*,
I like *Amyens*, caus'd your banishment;
But all their tribute's quitted by this day,
And thou shalt be the King of fruitfull place,
And issue of my hope of all the Land;
Acknowledge Prince of the *Cecilian* soules;
And like great *Butes*, have a Champion race;
How like you it, my Lords?

Faf. You are a sire of all firm judgement,
Erymus divides not the least Atome from't,
Where the way your credit takes its course,
Is argument enough for me to yield.

Buz. The succour of the Gods descends from *Jove*,
So all our lives and Pedigree of us.
Hath conduits of all plenty, good and great,
From the protection of your mighty hand;
Therefore if I deny, no pardon's there,
But grim injustice must devide the spoyle,
Give me the worst, and shame thereunto boot;

Love and War.

So let both Nature, Nation, and all friends,
Give vote as free, as my soul doth uncloset,
Or wish to have the same *Hollarro* King.

New. Great King, your will is good, I like the
same.

Hoping he'll prove a *Lap'thenian* soul,
A second *Phlegias*; your motion's good,
And lik'd of all, here is the *Bardes* presents
The Groom and Bride a song.

*Enter three Brades, and sings to the
Musick,*

I.

Great Sol was dim
By a pearly dew;
But now doth fling
Off that muddy hieu,
By the sweet motions of such smiles,
The Bride and Bridegroom time beguiles;
Then let both heaven, earth, and sea,
Four Elements, whats e're they be,
Give happy joy, and mirth for ay,
To those brave guests of this same day,
For ever, for ever, let all sing
Hymns to the *Queen*, and her brave King.

2.

A joyfull day,
But more joyfull night,
Lead on the way
To that same delight;
And when its past a happy morn.
To th' Groom that is by his Bride born,
And so we wish to asier rest
To th' Bride, that is by Bridegroom prest;
So let all joy wait leisure on,
To pleasure them in splendent morn;
For ever, for ever, &c.

Love and War.

Aber. The Diadem *Hollarro* is stayed,
Of all *Brunzania* on your noble head:
Numenia's Land is struck with fear and quakes,
Under the blow of such a martiall soul.
After the drowlie pomp of nuptiall terms,
You shall begin your Raig.

Holl. The massy weight of such a grave design
Would set its part far better with your selfe,
But since a freedom breathes such spicie notes
Of father's love, my duty must give way.
For *Celius*, the father of immortall Gods,
Ne're did indue his Sons with greater joy:
Caens he was not in least politick,
To lose his Trophies by a *Hercules*:
Strength shall not subdue wit, if it hath play,
I'll rule the Land, and I will you obey.

Aber. Thou shalt, brave Prince: the Temple's clad
with joy,

To receive your sacred presence, and also
Honours most stately camp doth obeysance
To your heroick shrine: be thou the King.

Omnes. Heavens blest his Majesty.

Lerc. My breast's an altar to the sacrifice
Of loves due rights, unto my loyal King.

Holl. Thou art a Queen, and my onely spouse,
Both King and Queen, Lord blest your Majesties.

Scen. 4.

*A great noyse within of landing! and afterwards, they
cry, (Kill all, kill all, &c.) and by and by, enters
Celerinus, Bel'errio, Gervoron, Burnomoy,
Sould'ers, Ensigns, and Drums,*

Flourish.

Aber. What is the news within? Heavens blest me!
What is't?

Adv. I wish all things were right, then see,
My Lords:

Nev. A foul invasion, we are betraid,

M

Cele-

Love and War.

Celerinus comes.

Cele. I, and die you shall ; [*Fight.*
Fall on brave souls, let's ruine root and branch,
Like the *Hybernian* blades, sound a loud,
Lead up the fronts ; strike, strike.

Faf. Oh Traytor, traytor.

Bell. Die, die, thou slave.

Celer. Wound not the *Queen*: let her pains rest, to be
A future punishment.

Aber. Oh I die, I die, thou vain destroyer
Of mens lives.

[*Here all Aberdens fid., with him-
self, is kill'd, save onely Adrenimia,
who is chain'd, and carri'd out; and
Hollarro, who defends himsefe, and
escapes, and takes Lerenica with him.*

Cel. Conduct the *Queen* to prison,
The day's our own, with the *Supreams* of th' Land.

Bur. We will, great *Leige*, let's follow out the
chaife. *Exeunt, march.*

Quermicro with a dish full of *furnity*.

Quer. Oh me, stay, what's here to do ? what, a
sleep ? or tumbling ;

Pox take't, you'll break your brains with it, and I
My belly with plum pottage ; rise for shame :
What, is here the slave that impriso'n'd me ;
A bard, a burd, or a turd, tell ; what, art thou
Dead, alive, or drunk ; rise, and stand ;

[*Takes the Kings
Cloak, and puts it on wrong side outwards.*

Thou haste a velvet Cloak. I'll see how it fits me,
Hey, it becomes my Princely person right.
I look like some grave Minister or Divine,
A black blew velvet, and scarlet gippo ;
See, my foot stands like some reverend Bishop,
And my back-side like a Prince behind ;
These pottage, pottage, trouble, when I King ;
But stay, they'll do me courtesie at time,
I'll put them up ; hold up velvet Jacket ;

[*Puts the Pot-
tage in his pocket.*

Oh

Love and VVarr.

Oh these are warm still from the heart to th'breast ;
But for all my jesting, what do you mean
To go to dinner or no ? I'll promise
Here's good firmity for the same, Come go ?
What, you are mad sure : but if you be,
I'll right your senses straight to its same form :

[*He kicks them.*

Oh how their guts cry Pease and Bacon hot :

[*Nevermo pissesh.*

I'll break the Pitcher and let the juyce out,
As hot as my pottage ; stay, where are they ?
Ho, in my pocket, in my pocket,

Scen. 5.

Enter Buynomoy.

Bur. What art thou ? and for whom ?

Quer. A turn-coat, and for my selfe.

Bur. Dye then thou slave. [*Falls as if he were dead, & while*

Que. I with all my heart. *he lies, eats up his pottage.*

Bur. Once righteous cause, shews face against its foe,

And Northern scourge brings yoke of *Scipio's* fear ;

My hands imbrew'd in warlike Champions,

All save *Hollaro* the *Brunantian* soul ;

A *Brennus*, or *Nenius* of fame [*Quer.* I sleep. *For*
all these swallow's Custard, and pelis of vill.

Whose shallowed concaves, compels in valour

All mushrooms of fear (save onely he)

Trampled by beast of forrest, and of plains,

I shall be Lord or King by the conquest.

[*Enter Hollar.*

Holl. Nay, that thou shalt not, stand then like a
man, [*Fights. Bur. falls & dyes,*

An equall bond is now shar'd by my blade:

The *Cyprian* Queen like chaste *Diana*,

Of all my hope, waits leisure of a time ;

I'll not stay from her, but requite my self.

[*Exit Hollar.*

Que. Oh, oh, I have got the wind chollick by

Lying on my belly, the pease and Broath

Doth run such Barly-breaks within my maw ;

That if the back-door hold not, I shall leak ;

Love and War.

Hold Punniard and Sword. I dare not stir,
Fear lest I send my broath then parboyld out :
Ill ventur'd, my breeches is clean; up, up, [*He riseth.*
I go as if I had a Frenchman in my Boots ;
But now I'm forc'd to turn, I shall be kill'd,
Or else foully bestride. [*lies down again.*

*Celer nus, Gervoran, Bellerro, Souldiers, Drum,
Ensign.*

Cel. The wrath of *Nero* is not yet appeas'd,
We are like *Nevervian* souls, stout to a spoyle,
Though Law and Nature be our enemies,
Yet we will raine the Hyperborean pole,
And make our Land like shepherd *Hyraus* hoste,
A place for to receive none but the Gods :
But after *Gradius* hath then clattered thus,
Let's make a buriall to the Elizium field,
So Souldier take up the bodies of the dead,
Carry them as Trayots to their long sought home.

[*Quer.* Then they'l let me alone, for I am not dead.

Ger. See you perform your office, the King commands.

Sould. We will, great King, and noble Generall.

Ger. Lo here is slain brave *Burmomoy*, the blade
Who deserves pomp, as much as *Burgargo* had.

Cel. That time and this is not now poys'd alike,
The War conveys a change of Sea and Land;
Therefore he must be buried 'mong the rest,

So then confirm your place. [*Exeunt omnes prater Souldiers :*

Sould. 1. Come, lets make a hole, and put them all in.

Quer. Oh, what must I do then ? saith I'l dye with them,
For I shall be kill'd if I stir.

Sould. 2. Let's take the plunder of the field fir st ;
Oh here's a good suit, I'l have this, none else.

Sould. 3. What, here's one fellow warm, I believe he
Is alive still ; [*He kicks Quer. so see whether he be alive or no,
and Quer. answereth nothing, but makes a face.*

But if he be quick, he shall be put in the grave first.

[*Exeunt, and carry off the dead bodies.*

Love and War.

Scen. 5.

Hollarro, Lerenica.

Holl. The time runs round by hidden motion,
I was a King, but now more desperate;
And you my Queen, but fortune frown'd thereon.
I wish that *Halia* could have then oppress'd
Her Father *Nereus* with a glad design,
To drown their ships in *Cynthia's* merciless realm,
Before they footed this *Bruzantia*:
Fair *Lerenica*, I must fly for fear;
To adore the sorrows of an exiles place;
I'll leave my Princely Robes, and dress my bones
According to the custome of a Pilgrims form;
And bear the banks which *Neptunus* waves have tost
To hunt my death, because I loathe the face;
And at my last farewell, I'll use no art,
Let sighs, tears, kisses, bid loath to depart.

Lere. Those drops of blood doth stain my maiden
face,

Because my sole *Artemon* must fly hence,
Sure *Jove* will strive to make the *Ganymedes*,
For the *Hesperidon* Dragon cannot stand
The force of such a *Hercules*: let hope,
Where's e're you tread your Princely guard, then
guide

Your hood-winck actions in unknown places.
I willing am to stay, to make a prayer,
When you depart you'll kill my life, that thing.
The Swan's near death, when she begins to sing.

Holl. Oh Damsel of my breath, let not such debt;
Lie on the fabrick of *Hollarro*,
Though I have *Diomedes* fame, I'm loath
To prove *Domitianus* to thy soul;
Heaven and Earth will not forgive the fact,
No sacrifice nor kneeling pay the act;
The starry bowers would send a loathsome smell
To strangle death in the prime of my days;
Besides the edge of furious war would bring

Love and War.

A State to begge reliefe for thy great woe;
What, Ibe *D:mophon* to *Phillis*?
To cause untimely death? far from *Hollarro*,
Aid requires no help; I'll carry you
Along with me, to make the Indian foes
Grow stiffe with fear, because they see the Sun
Eclips'd by your bright brow; then go with me.

Ler. Display your self no more in i. ward love,
My heart and tongue cannot exprefs my mind;
I'll dwell within the Land, *Bruzantia's* walls,
As long as breath sees still the inner rooms;
Go noble Prince, as power doth give thee aid,
For thy own sake, I'll live and die a maid.

Holl. Sweet *Lerenica* loath, but I must go,
My soul bids fly, my heart cryes out the same,
Then fair *Lerenica*, please to take th'air,
Of other Princes from *Numenia*:
So I must go, my tongue fails, nought but this
I can exprefs; fair, give me adieu kifs,
Constant *Lerenica*, constant *Lerenica*. [*Exit Holl.*]

Ler. Go noble Prince, stay, take another kifs;
What, art thou gone? woe, woe, *Lerenica*,
Cannot my warbling voyce crave *Niobe*,
To be with her turn'd into a dull stone,
That those stretching motions may then faint
At my more flinty nature, then my breast
Can expell from it, as such stormy blowes,
Or with *Iphianassa* and *Lyssippe*,
Chang'd to strange furies, that no woe may pierce,
My vitall spirits; pish, now I feel
A stronger temper then those Goddesses,
No *Dalalus* his Labyrinth can hide,
My woe from running its due ordered course;
Then let me frame a twist as *Iphis* did,
For to make sorrow have abortive birth,
Or turn'd to man, to have a stronger heart
In the defiance of my wandring woe:
But stay, I wrong poor natures time,
For to detard the blow that rids my pains,
So pangs strikes larum to my parting close;

Love and War.

Then do appear thou ender of my life, [Drawes
Bring licence from *Elizian* souls to me; her knife.
Come, come, thou quick Physician, welcome now,
Thy medicines to my poor panting soul,
No tears shall hinder virtue of thy will,
Nor Ivory breast turn point of steely form;
So then I come *Hollarro*, dear *Hollarro*, [stabs.
To which place thou'lt follow me, woe, woe, woe.
Now I will frame an ocean for my soul
Of pure blood, to hoyst a Gallie in.
And its same sayl shall aim at no port else,
But the *Hollarro*, *Hollarro* of my joy,
So spend you drops and make a quick convey,
Drench all my soul to make that great deluge;
But if your wandring channels run to him,
Inform his ear my heart was th'messenger,
And for his own dear soul I bleed my last,
I wrong my soul to stay the time so long:

[stabs again.

Now then you happy Nymphs, make passage free,
Let no foul ghost turn back my bloody hand,
Though grim *Prometheus* vulture's tear my breast,
Yet still my journey tempers all those paines.
Then *Jove* that loves *Diana's* Nymph that's fair,
Ruling the whole universe in form,
Send down a smiling look, take pittie of
Her, who doth welter in her own hot blood,
As in the great red Sea, whose water boyls,
The time begins to challenge priviledge:
Oh, oh, I fail; oh, oh, I fail, and come,
Now, now, methinks, whole Kingdoms come to
me:

Oh sweet sweet Musick, and a melody,
Hollarro, so I go, *Hollarro*——

[Falls and dyes, and lies on the Stage.

Love and War.

Scen. 6.

Celerinus, Gervanon, & Bellerio.

Cel. *Mars, Armocares*, is still our friend,
The mounting Eagle soars upon the wind,
And makes pale Moon a Diadem to her Crow;
And so all language smiles with hollowing cries,
To shew our force like the *Athenian*,
Great *Agatho*, strange man of might, but weak
Unto our souls, who are Hyperions Son,
They stood like Pigmies, while we *A. bions*
And *Bergions* stood to oppose the wrath;
Their Towns are ours, we'll make a happy skie,
Present a prosperous morn unto our souls;
And when *crystall Aurora* gives the soyl
To *Cynthia's* wandering Charlot, then I'll give,
And all divide the Land according to the place
Of every Souldier, the whole Kingdom shall
Be in fragments.

Ger. Great King, the appointment of your sun-
bright

Judgement, gives peace and plenty to our minds,
Whole Regions of a violentall form is turn'd
To peace, her wishes in a splendent case;
And as the aggregate of future losse,
Is over-vail'd by joy of present time;
Even, so your sacred will stops envies teeth,
To give this Kingdome in a recompence.

Cel. Though *Maulinus*, they were noble in their deeds,
To use the chain of liberty with friends,
The Phoenix of that age, which rob'd the time
With his best deeds, are trifles to my vote;
I hope my time will not prove like *Cavins*,
But live to see my men in silver forests,
Urania's I vre shall not content the mind,
Nor *Arens* Lute so well as gift will do,
To morrow morning it shall be confirm'd.

Bell. Your royall Majesty hath shap'd my lot;
If *Achilles* were here, and *Pargamus*,

Love and War.

Their fame could be no greater then ours worth;
Neptune and *Nereus* conspir'd with all one vote,
And *Titans* rays for to redeem your Land,
And, noble *Leige*, you have fulfil'd your part.

Ger. The storm is over of great rage and War,
Rhenus her waves ne'r flow'd with *Nilus* tides,
To make a fertile soyl, may be compar'd
To this your most King-like decree of fame.

Cel. Here! *Ulysses*, they *Alexanders* stand,
While the *Troys* blades strike dead those *Sarpedons*,
The *Agonius* god is at command:
I'll do what pleaseth fancy of my care,
Though *Alexanders* fame runs much in world,
Yet bounty takes the place of all his acts,
Aleto, and the other two, cannot
Withdraw the purpose that I have decreed;
So we'll be gone, to morrow is the day.

(*Exeunt Cel. Ger.; manet Bellerio.*)

Bell. Where's now *Lerenica*? sure speed will drive
Her feet, to make a ranſcat for her bold
Attempt, I shall be King or Prince, the King
Fore-tells, by service I did perform;
The brazen Gates of Hell dare not withstand
The bilbow blades of my great thundering arm:

[*Finds Lerenica.*]

But stay, what's this? the spoils of some strange story,
'Tis not *Lerenica* sure, her face is black,
A contrary climate to her element;
I'll cleanse thy face to see with sorrows eyes,
Sure't cannot be fair *Lerenica*;
Let's see thy chin, thy finger and thy ring;
Oh las, it is the signature I gave
To her dear soul. oh curst *Bel'errio*,
I have done wrong for to defame my King,
And lose my Dame, a mock-star of the Sun;
Oh slavery of Heirs, to fight and die
By that great War I overcame by blows;
Let one Urn conclude both of our ashes,
A servile man unto my sorrow: no,
This arm shall send a weapon to my heart,
No policy shall work by quick design,

Love and War.

To turn the mind that hangs on that same string :
She's dead, she's dead, and stab'd her selfe for grieke,
By home-bred strife, and a full stretcht arm ;
What, shall I live to see those dayes of woe,
With this my body, and want the life of th'soul ?
No, sure I may with *Carthaginians*,
Be buried quick as *Philenius* were,
Make *Celerinus* prove to me a *Cyrene*
Oh that would be a joyfull day to see,
Such a mutation in my barbarous plot ;
Or like *Orpheus* wife *Euridice*,
Be stung with the *Aristean* Adder,
And so cause end to this my gloomy light :
But these afford no aid unto my dying soul,
Then let me be with *Babylonian* dame,
To *Dirces* fish converted; in moment,
That all *Palladian* dames may hiss my woe,
To see my soul and unreserving thought ;
Let flocking furies strangle breath within
Such a presumptuous scul, to venture it ;
I can't d'r death, then death must recompence
That virgins act ; I must, I must then dye,
The battle's ended, but in arms with me,
Such objects fright my inner vitalls sense,

[*Draws his sword.*

So thou must be my friend when all forsake ;
A happy key to open death the Gate.
Cut, cut, the veins, that hath wrought such a foe,
To fair *Lerenica* in her resting sleep :
Then here I come with a most sweet content, [*Stabs.*
With *Caneus* bird, to pine away with mirth, oh-oh-
The pangs begin to work, I leave this place
To be surnam'd (*Bellerio's* comfort
With *Lerenica*) —————

[*Falls and dies, so they are both convey'd off the Stage.*

Scen. 7.

Hollarro in a distressed condition.

Holl. This dismal life gives tongue unto my mind
What *Arcadian* mountain, or *Pholoe* wood,

Love and War.

Receive my soul, and charge it as a prey,
A Panetolium Forrest would beset
My sense with decent alarms of fear;
Rouse then authority of hellish cries,
Be thou a foe when substance wants its force,
Bring in a full career of desperate shouts,
And tax the muster-role of all my sense,
Though the Athenian Cynegirus
Holded the ship, while hands and stumps did last:
So I in fathers Kingdom equall'd him,
In that Halcyion's nest of all my joy,
No choller mov'd me to't, but duty did imprint
To lend that aid of my full strongest arm,
By whose great blowes the air it did inflame;
I forced all those *Symbarians* by a rule,
To make the earth a pillow for their souls.
That which was matter and spirit, is now turn'd
To matter onely in a putrid form:
The Spirit's gone like an airy breath,
And a sweet musick onely by its sound.
When I have done all, this, must now return
Into a hopelesse humour of my life,
Losing my Kingdom, cast as reprobate:
No sure, I shall ne'r undergo't with hope,
To boyl in lake of famine and despair,
Vengeance oyes loud unto my fearful soul,
But impotency warns me to desist,
A desolate Forrest yields no comfort to
A Princely humour, lest be by combate
Of savage creatures in their form and shape,
But let a hope survive my vital sense,
Often good fortune hap's to a forrain Prince:
But stay, methinks I wander without brains,
Where's *Leuenica* my onely Queen and joy;
Oh that's the deed, no hope can recompence!
Now, now, these thoughts bequeath my life to death,
Let *Orcus* streams that flow from Stygian lake,
Make her full course in channel of my throat;
Or like *Oenomaus*, an *Elan* King,
Traacherously slain, not knowing friends from foe
Or else like *Daphne*, turn to cri-form,

Love and War.

Wearing a Laurel Crown of Prince's power ;
But all these dayes are gone, a quicker charm
Shall do the deed, come thou my steely man :

[*He drawes his sword, and sets it to his breast,
but cannot make it enter.*

Oh strange, oh strange; what, is my soul an Adamant?
The point is turn'd, sure gods hath against said,
I'll try once more, perchance it was my fear ;

[*He tries again, and his sword breaks.*

Heavens blefs me, what's the matter ? what, is
My sword confounded, and my breast yet firm ?
Well, I'll go range for a fury to kill
Me, or else die with despair.

Exit Hollarro.

Celerinus, Gervoron, Souldiers.

Cel. After the Queen is punish'd by courage,
Of lash, of fury, with a martial hand,
The storms grown calm of all our forrain foes,
All poetick Centaures leave the game,
Not one assayl on credit of our fame ;
Then *Gervoron* be you the Lord of
The woody Province of *Bruzantia* ;
As for *Bellerrio* he hath sung a doleful close :
Of ecchoing quavers to *Elizsum* ;
And all my Souldiers have a fitting bound,
According to the valour they have won.

Ger. Most noble Liege,
Time doth surrender office to your Crown,
Giving the Theater of all Kingly power,
Making all Rebels venture for safeguard,
Suffering no bulwork of discretion ;
Therefore grave judgement is in balance now,
And your great Majesty hath poys'd the same,
By prosperous spoils ; all ponderous rage is gone
Fled with the viper to the cave of fear :
All foggy shaddows turn a crystill rays,
To make the misty humour ascend up ;
Tears wip'd from us, a joyfull day now comes,
No stars are now, but turn'd to glittering suns.

Cel. Let *Tagus* spangled shore void up all Gems,

And

Love and War.

And *Nils* gliding streams recruit all *Items*,
The quintessence of all four Elements,
And all the earth as they each one frequent,
Joyn all in one to make *Elixar* true,
Yet all are vain to what is born to you,
The mass of all the round terrestiall globe,
Is unto that you have, but a poor node;
You in abyss of joy is plung'd full out,
And in a Wardrobe which none can recroust;
Go blessed souls, take spoils or fields, what you
Do most approve of, or best in your shew.

Sould. Noble Heroick Liege, all grace wait on
Your Kingly honour, and royall person.

Exit Sould.

Ger. Honour of honours, and the field of fame,
Give Victors, Trophies, to your divine name;
Let them all sound, to make the rocky stones
Know whose's their subject, who helps their great moans,
And let the wheel of valour still at hand,
Stand present at the sign of your command.

Cel. The rector of all the spread dappled skies,
Who holds the Poles, and all that on them lies,
Bids gloomy *Luna* take possession free,
Of golden *Titan* and his splendency.
So we'll depart, *Aberden* must give way
To *Celerinus*, who still rules the day.

Exeunt.

Scen. 8.

Chorus, Song 1.

I.

Let sable mourning fling away
Her dusty Robes, here comes the day,
Which makes bright *Ceres* smile to see
Such *Bacchalian* tranquillity,
All Gods and Goddesses both far and ne're,
Must sing and praise this day with grateful cheer.

2.

The *Strygian* lakes must cease to be,
And *Cerberus* greedy of his fee,

Peace

Love and War.

Peace doth make Bellona frown,
Mars yields up, and gives Peace the Crown;
Then let us all clap hands for joy of this,
That nought can recompence below a blisse.

Song 2.

See how the flocks possess the ground,
While men do wait thereon,
And all things in a blessed form,
And joyfull union;
All Cities quiet, singing hymns,
While children plaies thereby,
Skies send to them a happy morn,
All by milde jubily;
Therefore since peace doth make these things,
Let us spend all our dayes
To frame such peace while peace doth last
In all our wandring wayes;
How bravely Nymphs and Satyrs play,
And skip in valleys low;
And how great Jove doth like the same
In such a pleasant shew;
Then sound, clap hands, and make a noyse,
Till skies they do rebound,
To see such friendship and such love,
Twixt their Land and this ground. Exeunt.

The Graces, with the Ring of Amity.

Ag. *Aberden* caus'd *Celerinus* to fly.
Tha. *Celerinus* made *Aberden* know why.
Eup. Neither of those Kings knew which first should die.
At. Here's *Aberdens* ashes laid in tomb,
And Souldiers lye so thick, there is no room
For future damage, the clear stars wax dim,
A Serpent now is vice-roy of all sin,
His subject made their answer and design,
Still viewing Countries, till with him made fine;
The wide mouth of all swallowing angers throat,

Love and War.

Gapes like Eagle or Lion from his vote,
No Empire bounded, but this Nymph will see
The bounds and freedom of its liberty;
She's born of crooked nature, 'cause her will
Is oft employ'd to manage what is ill;
But let grim *Anger* wait, as long as days,
Or years, or months, or *Sol* hath any rays,
She still shall be debarred from us three,
Who live in ring (naked) of amity.

Tha. The hellish Queen, great *Adrenimia's* paid
To her deserts, in prison chain'd, and laid
For future trouble of a dreadful day;
Greedy her hands were to spill blood alway;
But now expect revenge from that same King,
Where she employ'd such a Lethalian thing.

Eup. The Prince *Hollarro* still must wander time,
In smiling Dales and Woods then full of crime;
The hoisting sayls of all his hope must be,
After foul croses to have community,
Until the spangled skies doth give such rays,
I wish bright *Sol* may turn all nights to dayes;
But if my wish be too severe in sight,
I wish all native Princes had their right.

Exeunt.

Tibul.

credula vitam
Spes fovet

FINIS.

The first of these is the fact that the
 people of the world are not all of the same
 race. There are many different races, and
 each race has its own characteristics.
 The second is the fact that the people of
 the world are not all of the same
 religion. There are many different religions,
 and each religion has its own beliefs and
 practices. The third is the fact that the
 people of the world are not all of the same
 language. There are many different languages,
 and each language has its own words and
 grammar. The fourth is the fact that the
 people of the world are not all of the same
 culture. There are many different cultures,
 and each culture has its own customs and
 traditions. The fifth is the fact that the
 people of the world are not all of the same
 color. There are many different colors, and
 each color has its own meaning. The sixth
 is the fact that the people of the world are
 not all of the same age. There are many
 different ages, and each age has its own
 characteristics. The seventh is the fact that
 the people of the world are not all of the
 same sex. There are many different sexes,
 and each sex has its own characteristics.

The eighth is the fact that the people of the world are not all of the same

The ninth is the fact that the people of the world are not all of the same

The tenth is the fact that the people of the world are not all of the same

FINIS.

